SEPTEMBER 1986

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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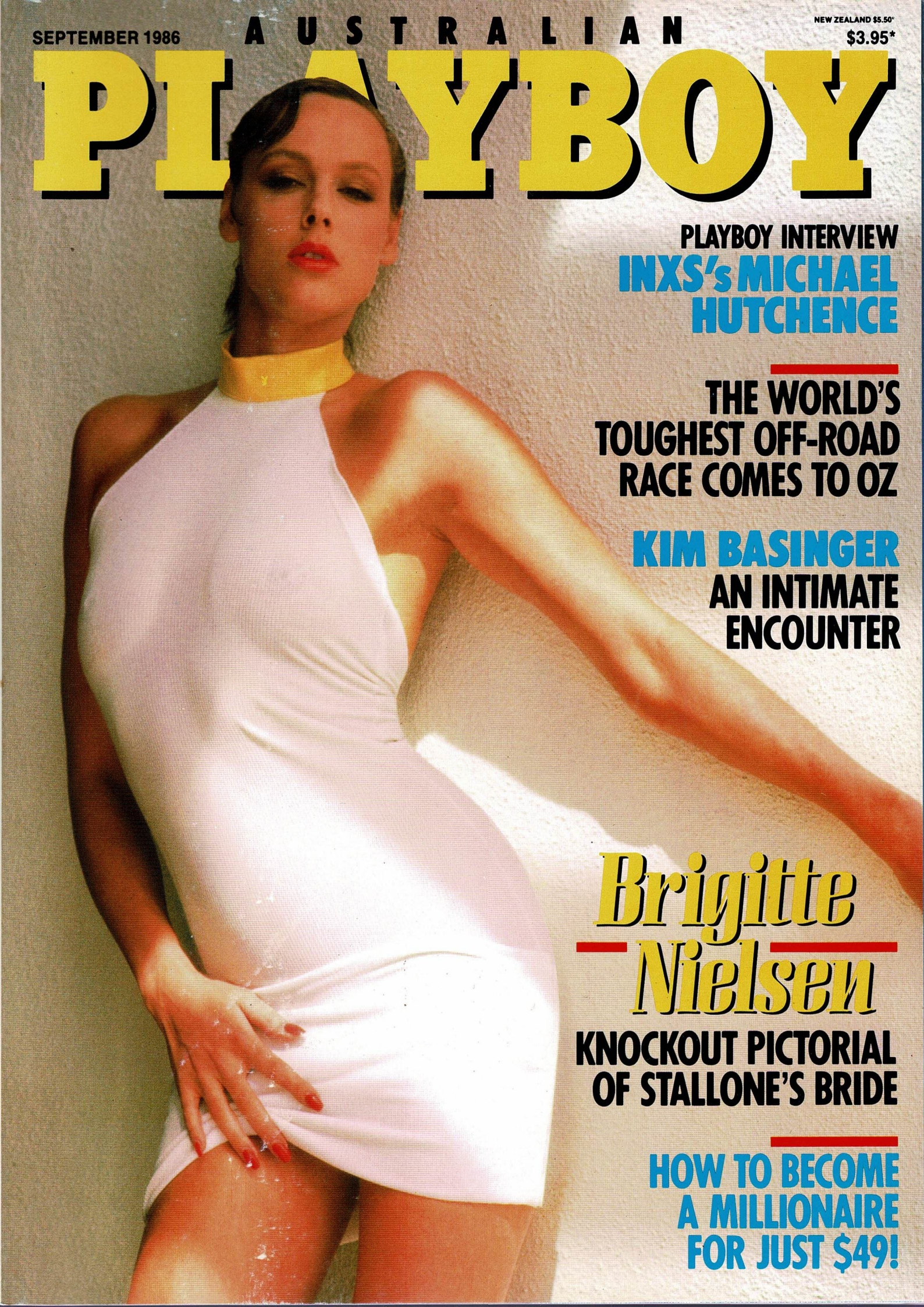

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
INXS's MICHAEL HUTCHENCE

THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST OFF-ROAD RACE COMES TO OZ

KIM BASINGER
AN INTIMATE ENCOUNTER

Brigitte Nielsen
KNOCKOUT PICTORIAL OF STALLONE'S BRIDE

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE FOR JUST $49!

KOUROS

The winning fragrance for men.

Parfums
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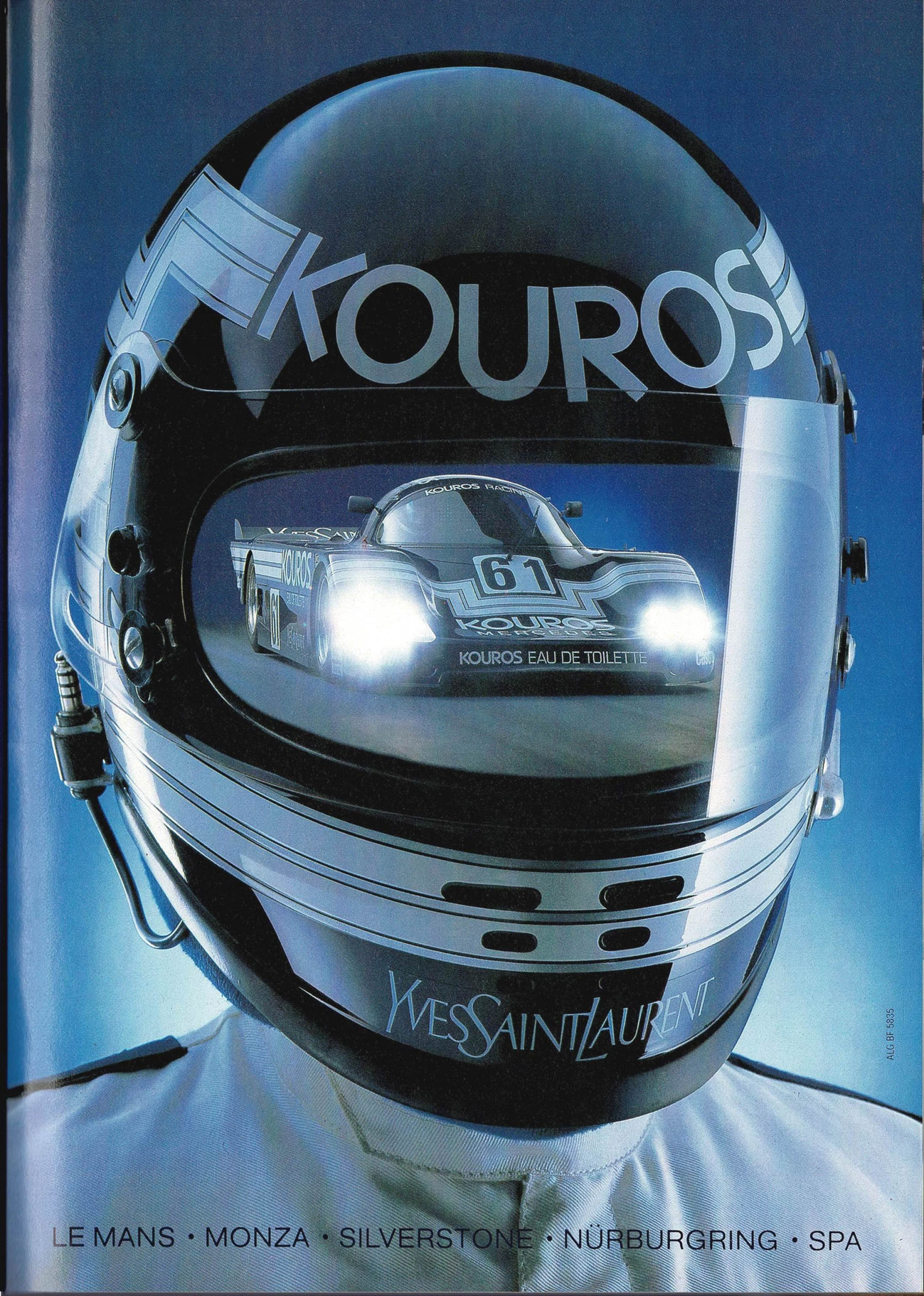

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IF YOU KNOW YOUR RUM
YOU'LL FANCY A DROP
OF THE 'ROYAL'.

PLAYBILL

It's the first month of spring. The time of the year for the last rites of winter. September is, of course, finals month in every football code around the country. So, to celebrate, Australian PLAYBOY brings you a high-kicking issue full of fun, excitement and good ol' Aussie spirit. Oh, and if you thought grand finals were all about glory and good sports, better start off by reading **A.D. Aird**'s Sport column on end-of-season big winners and sorry losers.

Michael Hutchence, lead singer for fabulously successful Aussie group INXS, is anything but a loser. We sent **Steve Bunk** to talk to Hutchence and, in a lively, revealing Playboy Interview, this articulate, very poised rock superstar gets stuck into such subjects as band groupies, international fame, cashing in and selling out.

Ever thought about a job that involves travelling the world, visiting exciting places, meeting new people. . . and killing them! That's how mercenaries work. In *This Gun For Hire*, **Graeme Orr** profiles several Australian soldiers of fortune working on a contract basis in various corners of the world for insurgency groups.

Many mercenaries claim they act as professional killers just for the adrenalin rush, not the money. Money itself, however, provides a heady incentive for many of us. Senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt**, for one. He decided it was time to get rich quick so he forked out a hard-earned $49 to find out how. You can gauge his success by reading *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?* The artwork is from **Frants Kantor**.

The money theme continues in *Putting The Show In Business*, **Laurence Shames**'s look at how the dull toil of commerce in Australia is being given a high-gloss sheen. And, while on the topic of money *and* gloss, **Reg Potterton** has assembled the most glamorous fleet of craft afloat for his *Dream Boats* article.

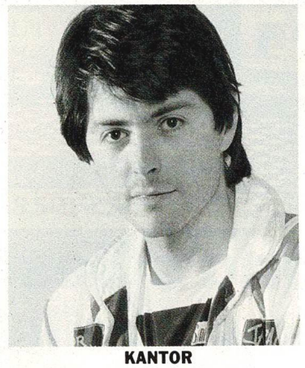
If you've been near a TV set in this country at any time over the past six or so years, you've no doubt caught yourself humming along to any one of a dozen catchy, whining jingles. Little ditties that jangle in your brain. Things like: "Youuuu oughta be congratulated," "How do you feel?" or "Come on, Aussie, come on." Alan Morris and Allan Johnston (better known as Mojo) are the blokes responsible. This amiable duo are the wizards of Oz advertising and, in *We Can Feel A Jingle Coming On*, **Phil Jarratt** profiles their success and sits in on one of their legendary lunches.

The Camel Trophy is the world's toughest off-road race. The ultimate endurance test for man and machine. In *Mud, Sweat And Tears*, motoring editor **Rob Luck** covers the event in northern Australia. . . and we reckon that title says it all! Now, we don't know about sweat, but our pictorials this month could just cause a dab of heavy breathing and a few beads of hot perspiration. Be warned. They're sizzlers. To start, there's Brigitte Nielsen, the cool blonde from Denmark who recently knocked out Sylvester Stallone and ended up as his perfect match. The knockout pictorial has been photographed by **Richard Fegley**.

Then there's our lovely Miss September, Sylvie Behar, pretty Renate Schafft, and Ava Fabian, an aspiring actress who's doing her best to live up to that famous name. And as if that's not enough to give you spring fever, **David Rensin**, lucky devil, has been off interviewing sultry *9½ Weeks* star Kim Basinger.

Leading authority on sex **Bettina Arndt** answers your most intimate queries in our Sex pages, **Asa Baber** tells how to, er, handle a female boss in the Men column, and **Cynthia Heimel**'s Women page is all about the honest-to-goodness hunks who live in the bush.

Find yourself a quiet corner and start turning those pages now. If the pictorial pages self-ignite, don't blame us. You have been warned.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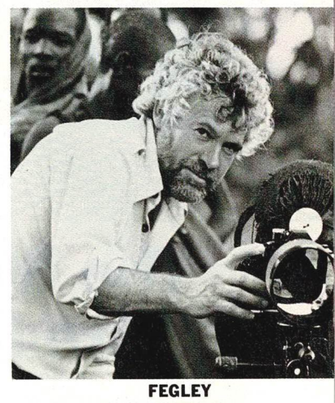
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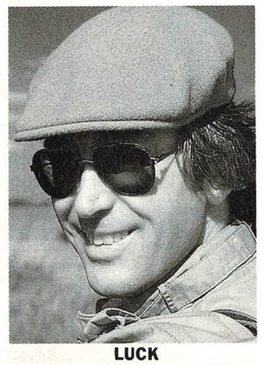
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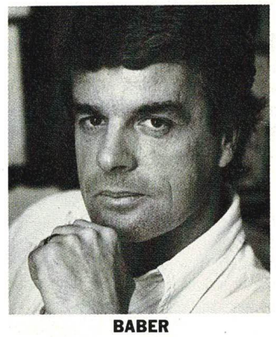
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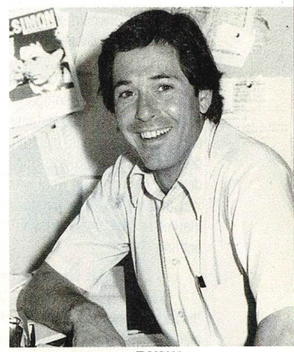
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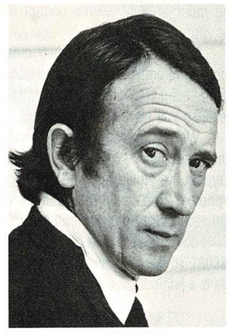
POTTERTON

The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

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RADAR·RECEIVER

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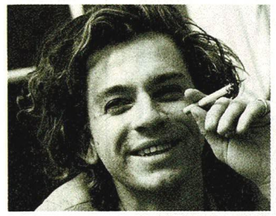

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Travel the world, visit exciting places, meet new people. . . and kill 'em.

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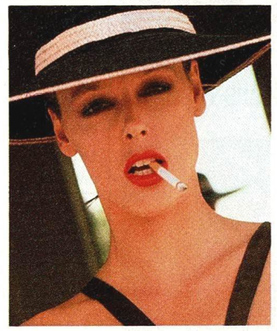

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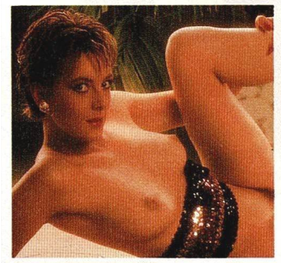

Our quiet Leo, Sylvie Behar, wants a lion's share of life.

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The fashion look for summer is whiter than white.

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Look out, showbiz, gorgeous Renate Schafft is coming your way.

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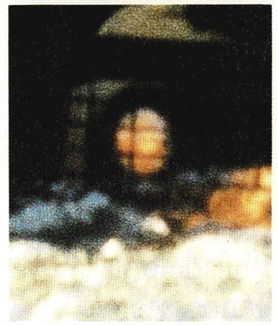

The world's toughest off-road race comes Down Under.

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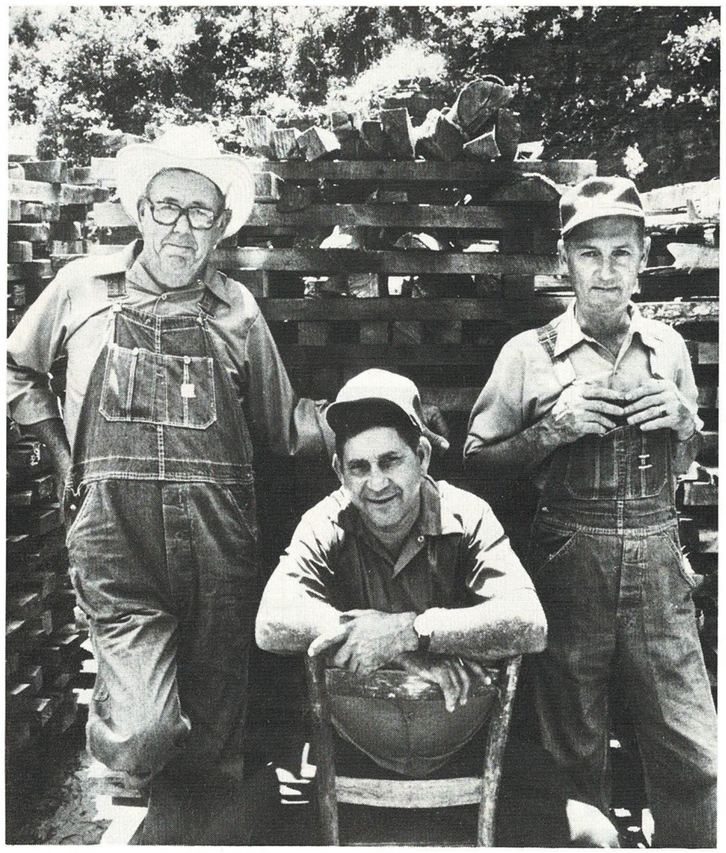
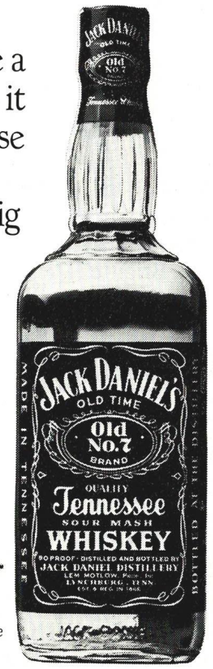


BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

ANGRY WORDS

I'm always amazed at the continuing collection of lovely ladies you display in Australian PLAYBOY but I must admit it wasn't the females who caught my interest in the May issue (although Linda Dubbeldeman did cause a bit of a stir).

The interview with Angry Anderson was the stand-out attraction in May. I have always been a follower of people who are "different" and Angry has long fascinated me. Your interview with him has proven the old saying: "Never judge a book by its cover." As Phil Jarratt says, Angry is a sensitive performer, a thinker and a philosopher. You only have to listen to the lyrics of some of his songs to work that out.

If more people took the time to look below the surface at the problems facing Australia, we could do so much more to keep this a really great country. Good one, Angry.

J. Terry,
Perth, WA.

LAURELS FOR LINDA

I think Linda Evans is one of the most beautiful women in the world. Thanks, Australian PLAYBOY, for the superb pictorial of her in the July issue. Whoever said women don't age gracefully?

S.S.,
North Bondi, NSW.

It wasn't us! Thanks to the hundreds of readers who wrote in lavishing praise on the lovely Linda. And in reply to all of you who requested more celebrity pictorials, turn to page 41 for a ringside view of Rocky's new bride, Brigitte Nielsen. Our verdict? A knockout! — Ed.

RALLY TO THE CAUSE

Thank you, Rob Luck, for your article in February Australian PLAYBOY on the AWA-Clarion Rally in New Zealand. This sport doesn't often receive publicity and when it does it's usually emphasising the bad aspects of rallying.

Sure, there *are* risks and frequent accidents, but there is also a substantial amount of skill, teamwork and technical expertise involved in rallying. Unfortunately, most people tend to regard anyone who competes in rallying as an illiterate petrolhead whose sole joy in life is to have a kangaroo carcass as a bonnet emblem. Such ideas couldn't be further from the truth.

Peter Crawley,
Ashwood, Vic.

FEMININE AS ANYTHING

As far as I can work out, Aussie women are becoming more masculine by the minute. Cropped hair, shapeless clothes and loud voices don't do anything for me! I was therefore knocked flat when I saw your Miss July, the delectable Natalie Maline. Not only is she stunning to look at, but she admits she loves being a woman!

Listen here, Natalie, I suggest you go into business giving seminars or something to the rest of the Australian female population on how they can make the most of their femininity. Why can't women enjoy being women? Beats me.

Another peep, please, on the Dear Playboy page, at Natalie's obviously feminine assets.

L.P.,
O'Connor, ACT.

With a toss of her curls and a wriggle of those shapely hips, here's our Natalie — Ed.

DUNDEE DOES IT

Your interview with Paul Hogan featured in March Australian PLAYBOY was, I thought, very fair. Unquestionably it could have addressed more relevant and poignant topics such as the state of the Australian film industry, but given it was recorded on location, probably with Paul's mind on more pressing problems, it was at best a little shorter than it should have been.

Having read your article, I saw *Crocodile Dundee* and, yes, I do appreciate Hogan's production and his humor. However, I was interested to read the critics' reviews of his performance, in particular that of Phillip Adams in his column in the *Weekend Australian*. Adams has, in his inimitable style, said the movie will be a success, yet has gone on to put it down and suggest how it could have been better. Probably a case of "when all is said and done, more will have been said than done", in this case particularly to Adams as chairman of the Australian Film Commission (AFC), a body which has received its fair share of criticism from the film-makers of Australia it is designed to support.

A recent article in the *Financial Review* slated the Australian Film Commission for its alleged bias and waste of funds. Interestingly, Hogan arranged his own finance for *Dundee*, as many others undoubtedly weary of the AFC are now doing.

Perhaps if Hogan's movie had cast some one-legged peasants with speech impediments performing a 65-minute Turkish fertility dance, he could have revelled in some AFC cash.

He might also have appeased the likes of Adams, and put the taxpayers' funds of the AFC toward another waste of money.

N. Herley,
Rockhampton, Qld.

HOWZAT

I enjoyed the Playboy Interview with Tony Greig in your January issue. I've been an avid cricket fan since the start of World Series Cricket. Back then I wasn't old enough to understand the politics behind it but I did realise that Tony Greig must have been a good captain to lead the World XI to a victory over Australia in the supertest final at the SCG.

It should be noted that he didn't come across the English captaincy in the same way as Allan Border became Australian captain. Not many captains can stand up to the might of the West Indies for 10 Test matches in a row with three one-day series thrown in. Kim Hughes was also persecuted by the press. When he got runs he was lucky; when he didn't it was time to sack him.

All that leads to another point — players telling the captain what to do. Some of Ian Botham's antics can only be attributed to the fact he plays English fourth division soccer with Scunthorpe United where he sees such behavior happening all the time.

Congratulations, Australian PLAYBOY, for highlighting that there's more to cricket than the bat, ball and umpire.

Simon Kierse,
Wollongong, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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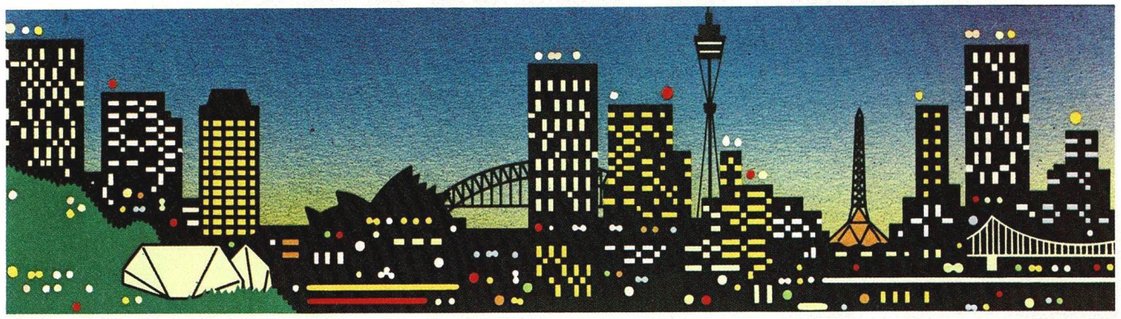
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



REAGAN REPORT

Here's what the Soviet Union's journal of political satire, *Krokodil*, had to say about Ronald Reagan Jnr's article *While The Summit Slept* (Australian PLAYBOY, June 1986): "His spiritual striptease on the pages of PLAYBOY causes slight vomiting." You should have seen what they said about his ballet dancing.

SOBERING EXPERIENCE

A pretty young English lass sobered up very quickly when she complained to the bartender that her glass of wine was cloudy. He grabbed the glass, undid his zipper and stuck his penis in the plonk.

The girl told the court that the man then handed the glass to his wife who tasted the wine and proclaimed it to be perfectly all right. A couple of patrons came to the rescue of the astonished lass, a fight broke out and the barman ended up with two black eyes and a broken nose.

He was found guilty of disturbing the peace. We're just pleased she didn't ask for an extra dash of milk in her Tia Maria.

COW OF A PROBLEM

Our mates at the Army Parachute School at HMAS *Albatross* tell us that one of their blokes had a memorable landing recently. He jumped in fine style, floated gently to earth, did a two-point landing, rolled in textbook fashion, caught his breath, stood up grinning, and was hit by a passing cow and broke three ribs.

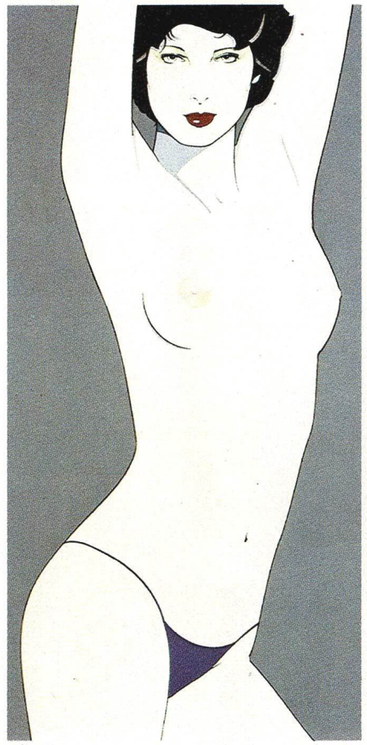
FOOTWEAR FETISH

Most men believe that women have too many shoes. And ex-President of the Philippines Ferdinand Marcos would rather have taken the witness stand in US Federal Court to explain the nappy box stuffed with hundreds of pearls they found in his luggage. He could have said that Imelda needed them to make rosaries. The shoes were going to be a lot harder to explain.

MEN HAVE FEELINGS, TOO

A 30-year-old building supervisor for a primary school claims that he had to seek psychiatric help to deal with the embarrassment caused when four female teachers tried to hire him for $25 to do a striptease at a fellow teacher's 40th birthday party.

He has filed a sexual harassment complaint which demands an apology from the women. He is also suggesting that the school hold a workshop on sexual harassment and that the foul females concerned pay for his psychiatric treatment!



STICK-UP STUFFED UP

The following report in a London journal really caught our fancy. Seems a Mr David Morris thought his prospects of marriage would improve if he could acquire some ready cash. The quickest way, he decided, would be to rob a row of shops while he was waiting for his girlfriend to arrive.

He went into a chemist shop and handed the assistant a note saying that he would shoot her unless she handed over all the money from the till. The young lass thought the note could be obscene so she refused to read it.

Morris sped to the confectionery shop next door, handed over the note but the man serving explained he was very sorry but he couldn't read English.

In a bit of a panic by this stage, Morris scurried across the road to a Chinese takeaway store. The manager said he had lost his glasses and requested Morris to wait outside while he looked for them.

Morris obeyed. Five minutes later the police arrived and promptly arrested him.

CROSS CROWD

A huge crowd of barefoot believers had gathered outside a prison in downtown Manila on Good Friday to witness the annual self-crucifixion of a certain Jesus Reys.

His followers shouted and stamped with rage when their hero's mother arrived on the scene to explain that her son had had to cancel this year's nailing to the cross because he'd taken a job in Saudi Arabia.

NO TO NECROPHILIA

The American state of Wisconsin has closed one last, glaring loophole in its stringent anti-sex legislation. The new legal clause prohibits sex with corpses.

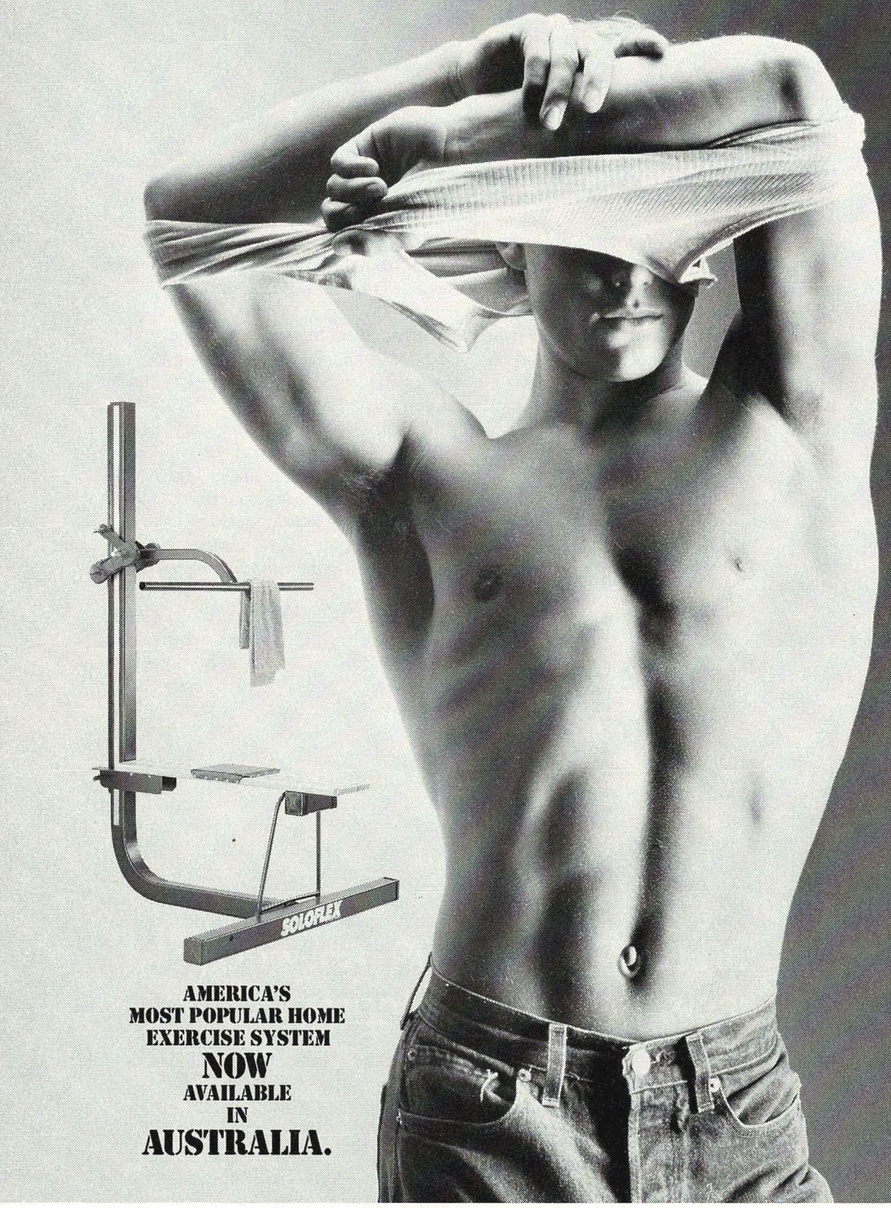
The issue arose in the case of a rapist who had been sentenced to life in prison for murder but could not be convicted of first-degree sexual assault because the victim may have already been dead.

EXCLUSIVE DINNER PARTY

The bishop of the American city of Pittsburgh has received a barrage of protests about his staging of a re-enactment of the Last Supper. The holy gentleman has banned women from the proceedings.

A spokesman in charge of producing the event told the media: "There are bound to be protests from the ungodly. They should remind themselves that as well as no women, there were no blacks, no children, no handicapped persons, and no Italians at the meal in question."

"NO PAIN...



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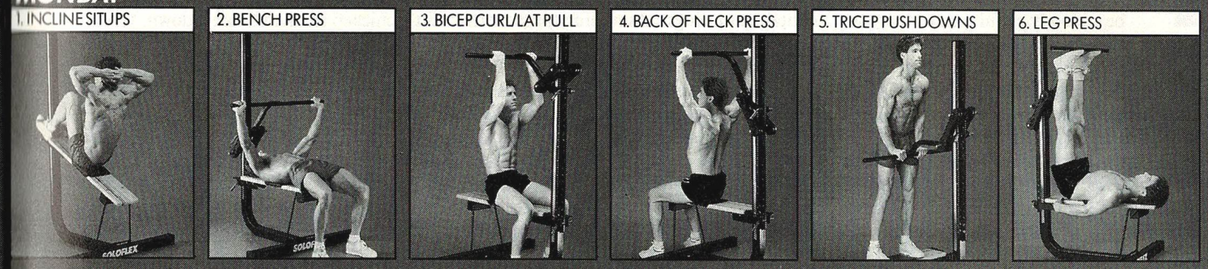
MONDAY



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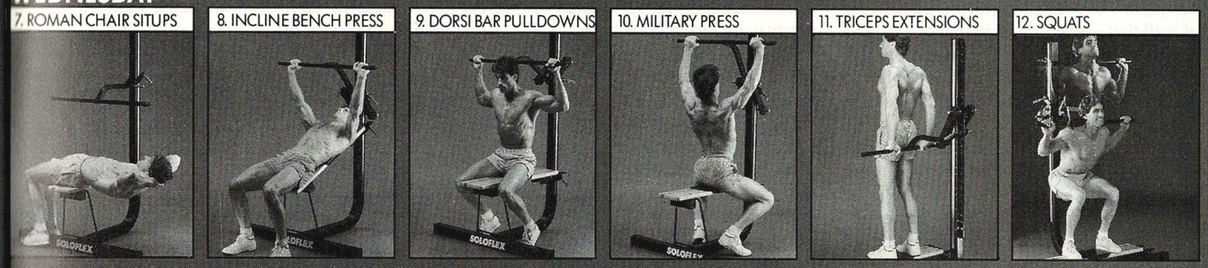

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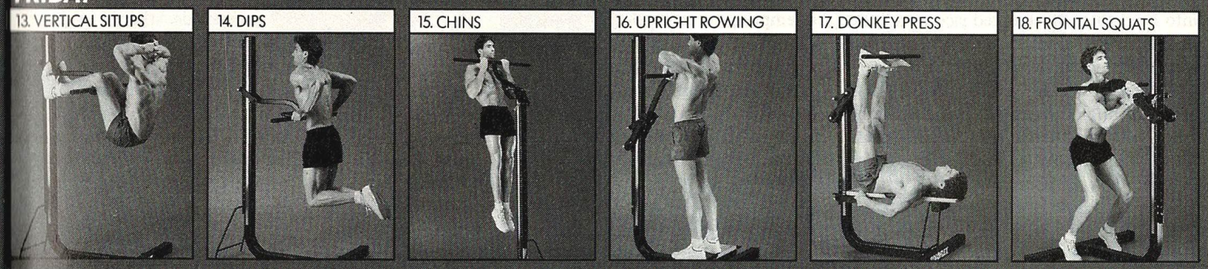

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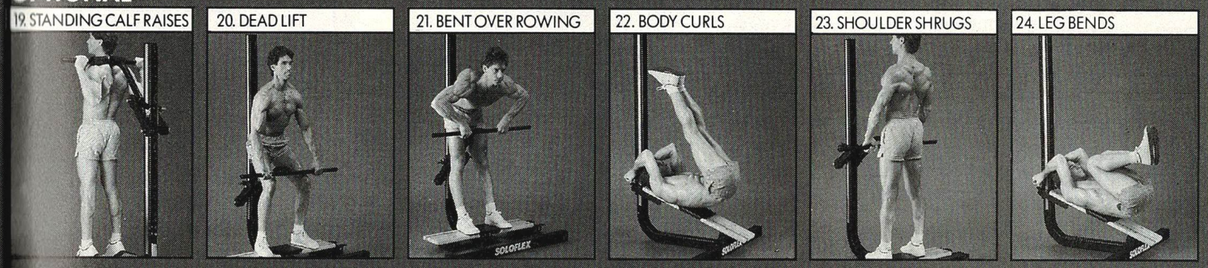

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BOOZE

A little nip of Japanese sake can help shake off those wintertime blues.

For those of us who live south of the now almost forgotten Brisbane Line, the month of September can be a bloody awful time of the year. Unless one has dropped out to commune with beansprouts on a balmy surfing beach, it's not hot enough for dipping but it is cold enough to make one wonder why winter was ever invented in the first place.

Of course those who *do* live north of the Brisbane Line simply have a good laugh and go on sucking away at their Fourex tinnies while the rest of us are forced to commune with nature by trying to peer through the bottom of a brandy bottle. And we have become so hopelessly confused by the cold of it all that we've forgotten that one sticks a shell in the ear to hear the sound of surf, while the brandy bottle should be applied to one's blind left eye to pretend that one is on a sailing ship.

In other words, the universal cure-all for prolonged cold weather seems to be to hit the hard stuff. I don't have any real objections to that approach but a prolonged diet of neat brandy can get boring at times, so why not try a cup or 16 of sake?

Sake (pronounced *sar-kay*) translates into English as "fermented rice wine", but "fermented rice-based alcoholic beverage" would be closer to the truth, although it would also be a totally pretentious mouthful.

In its home country, Japan, there are more varieties of sake than you can shake the proverbial stick at — colorless, amber colored, dry and sweet, and also sakes from particular areas. But we get only the standard export sake, which is colorless, contains about 15 percent alcohol (which places it at about the level of sherry and vermouth) and has a more or less sweet-sour taste.

And what brand of the stuff you get depends entirely on which wholesale distributor your bottle shop owner or manager patronises. I suppose I've had eight or nine varieties over the past decade and I must admit I couldn't place the label of even one of them, let alone be able to tell you which was superior.

Actually some years back I used to buy the brand that threw in two cups and sometimes a sake bottle with every bottle purchased. Fortunately I had time to build up a fine collection of bottles and sake cups before the inscrutable Japanese found out that enough Australians would buy the stuff without this added inducement and meanly withdrew their free offer. Now, if one wants to get the proper sake gear, although there are packs available, you have to pay extra. Otherwise you just drink it out of Vegemite glasses.

Anyway the good winter thing about sake is that it's usually drunk warm. That means pouring the contents of the bottle into a sake container or a jug and standing the vessel in a pan of very hot water. Don't leave the pan on the stove as both genuine and makeshift containers will crack with the heat. Avoid the electric jug shortcut as that doesn't work either. The sake must be warm, but not boiled.

A jug of it by itself makes a splendid start to a cold night. The night soon ceases to be cold and a feeling of peace steals over the drinker (and his legs as well if he hits it too hard). Although sake is not as strong as proof spirits like gin, rum or brandy, it packs a pretty good kick after a while.

Now although sake has what might be called a *foreign* taste, most people take to it instantly. In fact I've never found anyone who dislikes it. A couple of people have said to me on first tasting that it was either slightly musky or musty, but the remarks were not meant to be insulting. They were simply attempting to define the flavor.

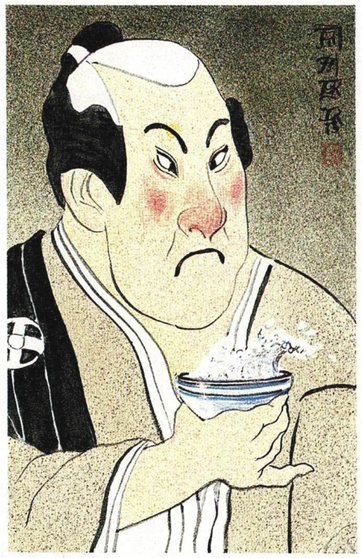

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

Although the Japanese will embark on a sake binge without any food whatsoever (as a drinking race they are a bit like ourselves, rather than the abstemious Chinese), it doesn't do any harm to have a little food to go with the stuff.

And because of our growing liking for small pieces of meat on sticks with spicy sauces there are quite a number of Japanese-style bottled barbecue sauces available at any supermarket. One of the most popular is the teriyaki sauce mix. I recommend this as the easy way out for the very good reason that to make your own sauce mix you'll have to track down the sweet sake known as mirin, which isn't such an easy task unless your corner store also happens to be a licensed Japanese grocer.

The best beef for this small-style barbecuing is fillet steak. Chicken teriyaki (chicken breasts marinaded in the sauce, cut into small chunks, skewered and barbecued over charcoal) is also excellent, if not as authentic.

To make your own teriyaki sauce (or a Westernised version of it), you'll need about a tablespoon of dry sherry or mirin, a couple of tablespoons of Japanese soy sauce and a little chicken stock to break it down.

Take three tablespoons of this combined mix, add two teaspoons of castor sugar and a little cornflour. This is treated as follows to make a glaze.

Place all ingredients apart from the cornflour in a saucepan and heat gently. When it boils remove from the heat and mix in the cornflour (which has been previously mixed with cold water). Warm until it is syrupy, then set aside.

Then cut up some fillet steak into thin slices, marinade them in the sauce mixture for a minute or so and cook quickly over charcoal or under a grill. The meat is then sliced into strips and brushed with the glaze.

It is good stuff, although somewhat fiddly. And that is why I suggest there is no great harm in using the bottled teriyaki sauce.

With the chicken breasts, simply marinade them in the same manner after cubing, thread on to skewers, and grill them.

These are both very good snack foods for a hot sake night. To build up a meal, you can add bowls of boiled rice with maybe a dish of Chinese pickles on the side and some fresh green onions. I could say serve Japanese pickles but, like mirin, they're just too difficult to track down. Any decent Chinese grocery, however, will provide any number of bottles of sweet and sour pickles, ranging from tiny leeks or shallots to a vegetable mix.

And finally for the above-the-Brisbane-liners, these skewered bits are equally good for a hot night snack. Also remember that in hot weather the Japanese themselves do not heat sake, they serve it chilled. I personally don't think it tastes as good that way and I further suspect that there's a special brand of the liquid made for chilling.

But until they get around to sending us "chilling sake", we'll have to make do with the heating variety served cold.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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MONEY

Hang on to that old Mercedes. It may come in useful if you can't afford a new Porsche.

The Porsche of my dreams (a silver 928S, of course) keeps getting further out of reach. In June 1985, a nicely equipped model sold for $81,425 plus on-road costs. The price in 1986? A cool $113,285. That represents a price increase of almost 40 percent, and further rises are inevitable. If your fantasies run more toward Mercedes than Porsches, you may be interested to learn that the price of a 380SEC went from $93,489 in 1985 to $113,458 in 1986, an increase of 21 percent. Large price increases have also been posted for Jaguars, BMWs and Rolls-Royce (a Silver Spur currently lists for $225,000).

Locally made cars have also been getting more expensive, with price increases of about 10 percent over the past year being quite common. There are several good reasons for rising car prices, but the most important is the fall in the value of the Australian dollar. Between December 1984 and 1986, the dollar declined 40 percent against the Japanese yen. Importers who formerly could buy a Toyota wholesale for $5000 must now pay around $8500. The difference is passed on to the retail car buyer.

In reality, the increase is greater than $3500 because there are also import tariffs to pay. An extra $3500 attracts a tariff of $2013 so a 40 percent fall in the value of the dollar adds an extra $5513 to the price of a Japanese car even though the price in yen hasn't changed at all. But this is still not the bottom line; there is also the 20 percent sales tax to consider, not to mention higher salaries for employees and the costs of redesigning cars to run on lead-free petrol. When you think about it, it's a wonder cars aren't even more expensive.

The government has tried to cope with the falling dollar by pushing up interest rates. This strategy also tends to force up car prices because dealers finance their stock with borrowed money. In effect, they pay interest on every car on the showroom floor until it is sold. Higher interest rates mean they must charge more for their cars.

Rising new car prices have forced many buyers to consider second-hand models but the demand has pushed up their prices as well. The news is not all bad, however. If you already have a car, it may be worth more than it would have been if prices had not increased. Unfortunately, not all cars have benefited equally. The difference between cars reflects what dealers call *retained value*.

A car's retained value is the amount of money a car is presently worth divided by its original purchase price and expressed as a percentage. Thus, a car purchased for $10,000 that can now be sold for $5000 has a retained value of 50 percent. Traditionally, a typical car could be expected to depreciate at a rate of 22.5 percent each year. This meant that, after three years, a car would be worth half its original purchase price; after five years, it would be worth only 30 percent of what it cost new. But high interest rates and weak dollars have changed things. Take a humble Holden Gemini purchased in early 1983 for $6700. Today's used car price for a cared-for model is around $6000. In other words, this car has retained 90 percent of its value. Of course, $6000 doesn't buy as much today as it did three years ago, but even after discounting inflation, the Gemini has still retained considerably more than the 50 percent traditionally expected.

Historically, the car with the highest retained value is the Mercedes-Benz. Some models, the coupes mainly, have an average retained value of 95 percent five years after their purchase. BMWs, Jaguars, Volvos, Alfa Romeos and Rovers have also proven to be good at retaining their value. A relative newcomer to the field, but one well worth watching, is Honda. Three years ago a Honda Prelude was listed at $11,150. Today, the same car, in good condition, sells for $14,750 — which is a retained value of 132 percent! Of course, the retained value is closer to 100 percent in inflation-adjusted terms. Nevertheless, it must be gratifying to Honda buyers to know that, on paper at least, their cars appear to be appreciating rather than depreciating.

High retained values may also provide a bonus for those who lease their cars. Consider, for example, a Mercedes 190E, a car that costs about $45,000 to buy. You can lease one for four years, pay about $950 a month and you will owe a final residual payment of $22,500. When the four years are up, however, you may find that you can sell the car for $40,000, which means you can pay off the residual and still pocket $17,500 (less any potential capital gains tax). Thus, whether you buy or lease, you will do best with a car that retains its value.

So which cars retain their value? In general, your best bet is the imported prestige car, the one favored by executives, trendsetters and the very rich. For example, over the period 1983-1986, the retained value of a Mercedes 380SE was 98 percent while a Porsche 911 Turbo retained 100 percent of its value. (Both values must be adjusted for inflation.)

Although prestige cars usually do best in keeping their value, there are cars outside this category that still manage to maintain their value very well, like the aforementioned Honda Prelude. Another is the Mazda 626: a Deluxe sold for $9400 in 1983 and is worth $9750 now, a retained value of 104 percent. Over the same period, a Toyota Corolla SE retained 91 percent of its value. The secret to the success of these cars appears to be customer satisfaction. A recent survey found higher than average customer satisfaction among owners of Mercedes, Jaguars, Hondas and Mazdas, the same cars that also preserve most of their value. — SETH GREGORY

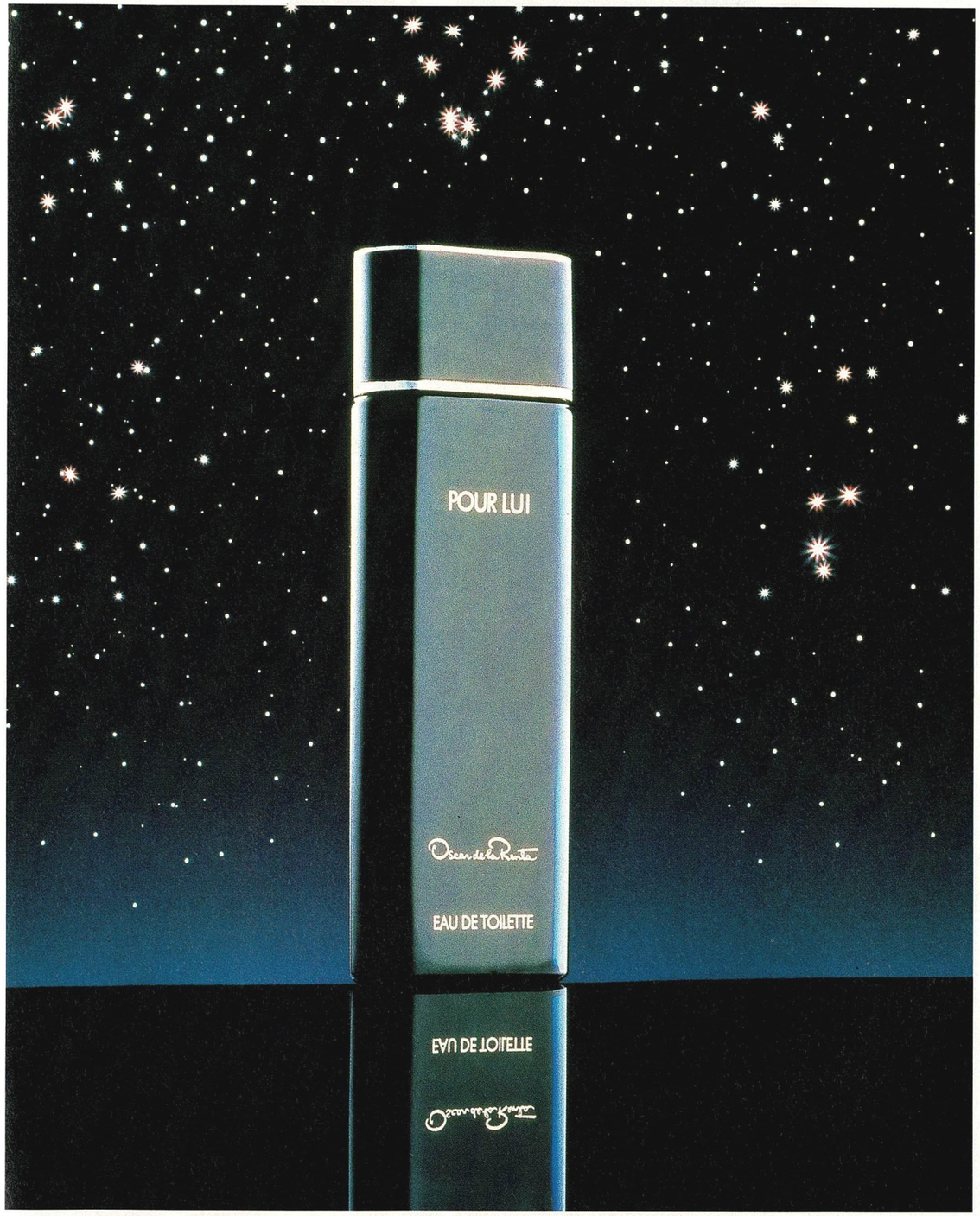
ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

RETAINED VALUE 1983-1986

Make	Price New (1983)	Price Used (1986)	Retained Value
	$	$	%
Alfa Romeo Giulietta	17,000	14,750	87
BMW 733i	50,800	45,000	89
Daihatsu Charade XG	7000	5500	79
Ford Falcon GL	10,850	9750	90
Holden Statesman Caprice	27,400	21,500	79
Nissan Bluebird GL	8300	7250	87
Volvo 264 GLE	26,800	21,000	78

Note: Numbers rounded off to nearest $50 and not corrected for inflation.

OSCAR DE LA RENTA



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WOMEN

Looks like a woman just has to go bush to find herself an honest-to-goodness hunk.

Andrea was spinning records at the fancy mid-city night-club, which is her job. She looked adorable in a low-cut pale-blue satin gown, her blonde hair piled high on top of her head, her skin a rosy amber.

"Hello, Andrea," I sang, spinning by in the arms of my partner, "play some Michael Jackson.

"Gosh, you're looking all tanned and terrific, where have you been?"

"You want Michael Jackson, take a plane to Motown," said Andrea, segueing Frank Sinatra into Prince. "I've been to the bush and you know what? They have men out there.

"Real men!"

At this news I dismissed my partner, who was eager to pick up boys anyway.

"What do you mean, real men?" I demanded, pinning her to the nearest wall.

"Tall, broad, handsome, well-fixed and horny."

"Stop telling fairy tales. It isn't nice to tease your friends."

A religious fervor seemed to overtake Andrea.

"Do you know what it feels like to have a man say to you, 'I want you to take your clothes off right now and fuck my brains out.' And really mean it?"

"No," I breathed, "what does it feel like?"

"It feels like winning the lottery. It feels like coming downstairs on Christmas morning and finding a puppy. Do you know how long it's been since someone made a pass at me? Maybe two years.

"Out in the bush I had simultaneous affairs with two men. I'm seriously thinking of moving there."

I wandered around in a distracted semi-coma, so much so that I bumped smack into Rita, causing her to spill straight tequila down the front of her vintage Dior.

"Now, darling, this is ridiculous," she said, "you know how much it's going to cost me to dryclean this little number?"

"Rita, Andrea's been having simultaneous affairs with two men, both of whom wanted her to take her clothes off and fuck their brains out."

"Love, I've been telling you to stop taking drugs. Now look what's happened. You're hallucinating."

"I'm as sober as a judge. It was in the bush. I swear."

"Holy Jesus," said Rita, smiting her forehead.

"Two men. The mind boggles."

"What? What?" asked Cleo, wandering up and observing our expressions.

"Andrea's getting laid," I said.

"Two men, out in the bush," Rita said.

"My God," Cleo said. "Sisters, let us sing hallelujah!"

The next day I picked moodily at my bean sprouts. "It's not that I don't have dates, Karen," I said. "Attractive, presentable, if possibly a bit skittish dates who are entertaining and charming and invariably fade into a taxi at the end of an evening. I thought maybe I was just putting out weird vibes, you know, since I just spent a year breaking up with someone and am therefore traumatised.

"But everywhere I go I hear the same story from girls, the gist of which is 'Who do you have to know to get laid around here?' "

"Do I know?" asked Karen. "I know. It's chronic, it's epidemic, it's almost passe. The stories I could tell you of aborted seductions. . ."

"Don't," I said, "I'm despondent enough already."

"Maybe it's this," said Karen (she is a girl of dazzling intellect and a certain effusive sluttishness, full of beans). "Maybe they think they have to write *War And Peace* with their dicks."

"*War And Peace*? Please elucidate."

"It's the '80s, everybody's concerned with status, with possessions, with being on the top of the heap."

"So you feel there is mass performance anxiety running amok among the male populace?"

"It's a thought. Plus there's feminism."

"Ah, feminism. Our fondest dream."

"The ramifications of which are still emerging, the shock waves still emanating. I think it still irritates men that we're now required to be treated as equals. The predator-prey syndrome is at the root of many of your average male's erotic fantasies."

"They prefer us to behave in the manner of deer startled by the glare of oncoming headlights?"

"They prefer us to be intimidated, like wimps. Strong women are threatening to the fragile male psyche. Them not putting out is simply a sophisticated variant of holding their breath for as long as they can and turning blue."

"I don't think it's that," said Emily on the phone later. "We live in terrifying times.

"The pleasures we used to look forward to have become life threatening. Like dating. Who would want to have sex with someone now without examining in minute detail their medical records for the past five years?

"Five years ago I would have said that men were immature. Now, I'd say they're terribly afraid of death. More than women. Women are reborn every month, don't forget."

"From now on, a girl must behave on dates like a 19-year-old boy," said Lynn. "Don't take no for an answer. Actively seduce them. Give them drugs, anything."

"I can't do that," I said.

"Sure you can," she said. "If I can, you can."

"I don't want to do that," I said. "I'm only excited if they're excited. If they're really hot to trot.

"I'm delirious if they make it clear that they want me. If they pursue me."

"You want to be the object of their desires and the subject of your own life. A difficult feat in 1986."

"Or perhaps I'll just give up," I said. "Grow broad in the beam, wear hats to luncheons. Get a dog, do good works."

"It's no help at all to become morbid."

So later that week I was having a drink at my local, and a fellow was coming on to me in the old-fashioned sort of way — playing kneesies under the table, stroking my arm, complimenting every aspect of my appearance.

This made me feel lively all the way down to the soles of my feet.

"Seven years ago," the guy whispered in my ear, "women told me I was immature for wanting them.

"Now they tell me I'm immature for not wanting them. What's the deal with you sheilas anyway?"

I honestly didn't know where to begin.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

In the wild world of business, what happens when the female of the species is king of the jungle?

This past February, the United States passed a point the previous generation probably never dreamed of: the nation's 13.8 million professional jobs split in favor of women. Women netted 29,000 more professional jobs as of February, and there's little doubt that this is just the start of something big.

Nor is Australia lagging too far behind. In November 1985, women accounted for 47 percent of the professional and technical workforce (although the lion's share of this was in teaching and nursing). Even in the administrative, managerial and executive area, however, where women only account for 17.8 percent, there was an increase from 13.9 percent in 1983.

The gap between male and female pay is narrowing — men in professional jobs get a median of $581 a week, compared to $419 a week for women. In percentage terms the gap in Australia is even less, with women in full-time jobs now earning 80 percent of the male wage. The percentage of women in professions that were once bastions of male predominance is growing: 18 percent of lawyers are now women; so are 17 percent of physicians.

The feminist revolution, in other words, isn't really about who opens the door at a restaurant or who gives flowers to whom. It's a revolution that promotes a basic restructuring of our culture and our lives, and it affects us in the profession and the wallet.

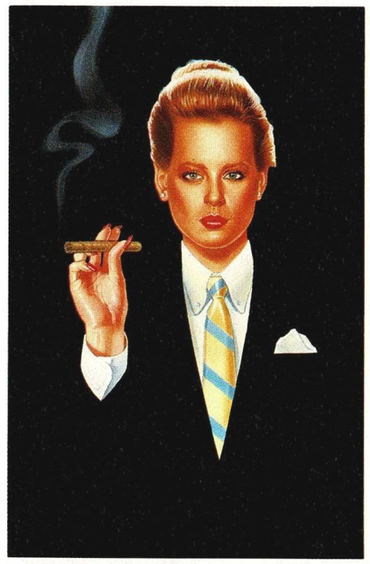
Given all of the above, there's another fact you have to face: the odds are that sooner or later you'll probably be working *for* a woman. She'll be your boss and she'll write your salary reviews. Your job will be to follow her lead, take orders, serve and assist her.

How do you think you'll do?

"I never thought I'd be working for a woman," Stan says. "And I'm not always sure I like it. My boss is a total workaholic. It wouldn't surprise me to find a sign on her desk that says THANK GOD IT'S MONDAY," Stan laughs. He is 38 years old, a wiry man in sports coat and slacks; an executive at a hospital supply company. "I swear to you, she never stops. She's either networking —believe me, I'm starting to hate that word —or selling real estate out of her home. And on top of that she's studying for a post graduate degree in the evenings. I put in 10-hour days and on my last progress review she said I was a little lackadaisical in my work habits. Shit, I've never worked harder in my life!"

Rob shakes his head and smiles at Stan's frustration. We are having a drink after our workout. I've asked them to talk about their female bosses, and they've agreed to — but only if I change their names. Rob is 27, a low-key man in a three-piece suit who works in a public relations firm. "Every female executive I know works hard," Rob says. "Look, it's simple: they are first-generation bosses.They're on trial. They know they're setting a precedent. They're the first of their kind, and it's a lot of pressure."

"Wait a minute," Stan says, "my boss works hard *for herself*, get it? She's never there when we need her to make a decision. We've got a joke about that. We say we've seen her name in the Missing Persons ads. She feathers her own nest with six different businesses and then comes into the office and expects us to have everything done for her. I don't buy this idea of the hard-working, perfect female boss."



"Okay, okay," Rob says, "I overstated the case. Big surprise. There are good and bad women bosses, just like there are good and bad male bosses. But one thing's for sure: men are not adjusting well to this change. You can just see it. We are improvising. All of us."

We talk for several hours about that. Stan calls the current crisis "working out the rules while working". His anger is based on how slippery and undefined the workplace is these days. "Male — female," he gestures. "I don't care how you cut it, there's always going to be sexual tension. Do you flirt with your boss or don't you? If you do, you're a sexist pig. If you don't, you're gay. Lots of luck."

"The sexual tension is there," Rob agrees. "I confess it: sometimes I'm intentionally cute. I can't believe I'm admitting this. Hey, I can't believe I'm in a situation where I think I have to be cute."

"My boss thinks I'm just a little bit dumb," Stan says. "She gets patronising, she winks at the other women sometimes when I'm arguing a point in a meeting, she resents men and she's just waiting to be able to put the sexist label on my forehead. Because once that happens, you're dead, you know? That's the blackmail of the '80s: if they color you sexist, they color you gone."

The discussion is intense, and it is clear that both these men have thought a lot about their situation, yet both are floundering as they try to adapt to the new reality. At the end of the evening, we make a list of dos and don'ts. Call it "Rob And Stan's Rules Of Order". It comes from two men who have been there. And who hope to get back in one piece.

1. *Do not sleep with your boss.* In this case, the kiss of passion is truly the kiss of death. Don't date your boss. The potential for disaster is sky-high.
2. *If it's demanded, flirt enough.* Yes, this is a double signal. You can flirt but not touch, and some Boss Ladies want to be flirted with. "Professional distance, personal warmth" is the phrase Rob uses.
3. *Be professionally prepared.* The first-generation analogy that Rob draws is not all wrong. Most female bosses are under a microscope, and they need and expect professional support. They'll appreciate competence.
4. *Don't come on too strong in business discussions.* Today's Boss Lady is usually a tough and rational thinker who wants to hear facts and evidence, not loud voices and macho posturing. The style of your presentations to her is as important as the substance.
5. *Courtesy counts.* You don't prove you're in favor of equal rights by slamming the door in her face or spitting past her ankles. Be polite. Or die.
6. *Strategise with your fellow men.* Few men are doing this now, but they will. Just to get a reading on how this Boss Lady treats everybody, what signals she sends, what behavior she rewards and punishes, you need to compare notes with your male colleagues.
7. *Just remember: be careful out there.* Women are administrators and competitors, people of power and substance who make decisions that directly affect our lives. Caution and consideration are the order of the day. "Every man's a point-scorer now," Stan says.

Yes indeed. — ASA BABER

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Grand finals are the decisive battles. The do-or-die days when no one wants to know about losing.

There's a telling moment in *Anzacs* or *Gallilopi* or *1915* or some other First World War screen saga when a digger compares his pre-offensive anxiety to grand final nerves.

I don't know if sport is our soft society's alternative to warfare but, if it is, grand finals must be the decisive battles. The Trafalgars, Waterloos and D-Days. The crunch encounters.

Grand finals, major premierships, cup finals. To the average fan they all mean the one thing. The Big One. "Who d'ya reckon's gunna win The Big One?" is the standard greeting at grand final time of year.

Shakespeare might have had King Henry in a change-room delivering a pre-match pep talk rather than on Agincourt battlefield when he said: "Old men forget and all shall be forgot, but he'll remember with advantages what feats he did that day. . ."

There are the heroes and the vanquished, the elation of victory and the emptiness of defeat. Those emotions are heightened by a craving for success and sharpened by the seemingly certain belief that the sun will never rise again for the conquered. For them, there will be no tomorrow.

Walk into the victors' change-room after the match and you'll witness something more substantial than self-satisfaction, relief or we-bloody-well-did-it jubilation. It's a unique euphoria, this post-grand final high. If you've ever been there and sampled it, you'll know exactly what I mean.

"There's always next year," is the epitaph heard in the locker-room of the vanquished. There is no worse form of consolation for people beyond consoling.

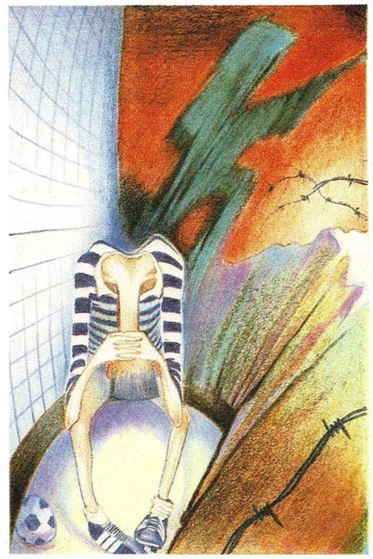
Nobody wants to know about losing. Just ask anybody close to the Essendon camp when the Bombers won the first of their 1984-85 back-to-back flags. They went in against Hawthorn with a certain message ringing in their ears. After six months of solid slog to qualify them for the decider the phrase had acquired real significance. "Winning means a bucket of gold. Losing means a bucket of shit!"

Build the stakes that high and it's easy to see why grand finals are treated as life-or-death affairs. Running on to that playing field can be equated to going over the top in trench warfare. The same bunch of butterflies are in the bread box and the only difference is that in warfare, win or lose, you want to come back alive. If you lose a grand final, you'd rather not come back at all.

Speaking of butterflies, those old grand final nerves are a pretty gripping species. Out of the rugby league State of Origin change-rooms come tales of players bringing up their lunch out of sheer apprehension. The fans might be throwing a party up in the stands, but down in the change-rooms the boys are chucking their cookies! Grown men who don't know the meaning of the word "fear" are poking fingers down their throats to dislodge a ball of anxiety that might be called "butterflies" but sometimes can sit heavier than an anvil.

After a week of grand final hype and media build-up, the magnitude of the occasion can make the chirpiest of players crawl into a silent shell. Conversely, introverted types have been known to babble in nervous release before a big match.

Soccer star Craig Johnston admitted after the 1986 FA Cup Final that he "had the wanders" for most of the first half. He was completely unable to focus properly on the task of beating Everton for the Cup. I watched Johnston closely as the teams trooped on to the field and he was in such a trance that he was actually marching to the sound of the accompanying martial band! Fortunately for Johnston, Liverpool boss Kenny Dalglish recognised the syndrome and with appropriate words delivered on the run, roused the Aussie from his stupor. "You've had too good a season to blow your head in one game. Snap out of it!" commanded the supremo to the lad from Down Under.



The build-up and the importance of the occasion can arouse very intense emotional responses. Sport psychologists have written books on the subject. Without going into all the jargon, suffice to say it is easy for a player to do his brains in such a climate.

Of course, there is the possibility that the best game plan can overlook a factor everybody takes for granted. What if you don't click on the day?

Essendon might have fallen victims to this phenomenon in 1984. For much of the first two quarters, the Essendon Bombers were in need of navigators as their whole act seemed to be off course. Nothing ran for them and it looked at times as though Hawthorn's Hawks were about to grab that flag and fly out of sight into a clear September afternoon. But that didn't happen. Instead the Dons did the only thing possible when a skilful and a well-drilled side finds itself on the wrong end of life's bad bounce. They battled, chased, scratched and scrapped for every morsel they could get their hands (or feet) near. Finally, when the coin did slip into the slot, Essendon were still in close enough contact to grab control of proceedings.

You can call that grand final grit, character, discipline or sheer bloody guts. For me it merely underlines the accuracy of that old maxim about winners making their own luck.

That's not to say grand final aspirants don't believe in omens.

Seven days before this year's FA Cup Final, Liverpool travelled to London for a match that would decide the first division championship. There was some trepidation among the squad's superstitious members when the club didn't book their usual hotel for their match stopover. The Castleford rugby league team bound for Wembley next day for the Challenge Cup Final were in the same hotel. Liverpool went to Chelsea and won the championship while Castleford came away from Wembley with the Cup firmly in their keep. When Liverpool returned to London the following week for the Cup Final at Wembley, there was never going to be any doubt which hotel the club would choose. One wonders if they would have changed the booking if the results had gone the other way.

Hotels, a favorite pair of underpants, putting your left boot on last. . . all those omens can be pretty meaningless if you don't have the players who can perform.

And that's what grand finals, world series, major premierships or cup ties are all about. It's stand-up-and-be-counted time. It's looking the beast in the face and living to gargle champagne later. And, as any true lover of the great sporting occasion will tell you, it's the very best time of the year.

— A.D. AIRD

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SHOWBIZ

Rocky is KO'd by Indiana Jones, while Rambo is left for dead in Salvador.

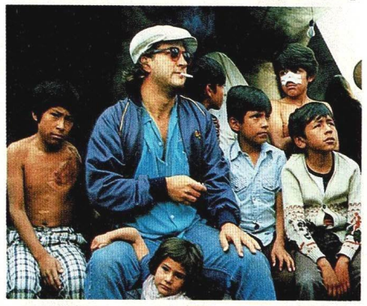
BILLION DOLLAR MAN: Which star is the biggest draw at the box-office? It's a debatable point whether it's the star or the movie itself which draws the crowds, but if you ask instead which star's films have grossed the most, some curious answers emerge. **Sylvester Stallone**, you say? **Robert Redford? Clint Eastwood?** Wrong by a vast margin. **Harrison Ford** is the clear winner with well over double the earnings of his nearest competitor, Stallone. His top 10 films add up to $US869m ($A1.3 billion!) and, even if you discount his minor roles such as *American Graffiti* and *Apocalypse Now*, his roles in the *Indiana Jones* and *Star Wars* series ensure that Stallone's $US407m ($A600m) pales by comparison (this in any case includes *Staying Alive* which Stallone directed but did not appear in). The rest of the top 10 reads as follows:

3. **Robert Redford** $US327m ($A480m),
4. **Dustin Hoffman** $US319m ($A475m),
5. **Burt Reynolds** $US298m ($A450m),
6. **Clint Eastwood** $US282m ($A420m),
7. **Paul Newman** $US276m ($A400m),
8. **Jane Fonda** $US266m ($A400m),
9. **Al Pacino** $US218m ($A300m),
10. **Jack Nicholson** $US207m ($A300m).

•

RAMBO: THE FLIPSIDE: Anyone who was moved by Asa Baber's article *The Next Vietnam?* (July '86) would do well to see *Salvador*, a harrowing account of an American journalist's experiences in Central America. Although it's doing great business Stateside, the major chains will not accept it because it fails to tell the straight-down-the-line Rambo type version of American foreign policy so dear to the heart of President Reagan. This version is, however, based on the first-hand account of a very real journalist, **Richard Boyle**, who was, as he insists on telling everybody, still stuck in Phnom Penh when **Sydney Schanberg** had escaped to write the story which became the basis of *The Killing Fields*. Boyle portrays himself as a complete sleazebag, down on his luck, travelling to Salvador, with an unemployed dee-jay named Doctor Rock (**Jim Belushi**) in search of cheap drugs, women and booze, and a story to restore his reputation as a journo. However, once he witnesses the terror wrought by the death squads, the murder of Archbishop

Salvador: US-funded government troops roll back the guerrillas.



Jim (brother of John) Belushi plays Dr Rock, a dee-jay faced with awful reality.

Romero while giving communion, and the rape and murder of the four American nursing sisters, all in the name of saving the country for American-style democracy, he becomes determined to get back with the photographic evidence which will show people in the US just what their government is encouraging. **James Woods** plays Boyle to the hilt and his dialogue with Belushi is brilliant knockabout comedy until the awful horror of Salvador hits them and they realise that they, too, will be lucky to escape with their lives.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: **Phil Collins** working on a 90-minute documentary based on his *No Jacket Required* tour, due for release this year. . . **Allen Klein** is offering private collectors a $10,000 reward for film footage of **Sam Cooke** performing his classic *Wonderful World*. . . **Tina Turner** offered a part in the film version of British TV smash *Widows*. . . Former **Go-Go Jane Wiedlin** has a part in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. . . **Elvis Costello** makes an appearance as a magician in a new British picture, *No Surrender*. . . Look out for **Tom Waits** in his first major film role, as a disc jockey in *Down By Law*.

•

IDOL GOSSIP: **Bob Geldof**'s Live Aid attire has been donated to Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London where it will clothe his likeness. . . **The Bee Gees** will return to touring this summer as a quartet with brother **Andy**. On the itinerary is their home ground, Australia, where they haven't performed for 12 years. . . **Sigrid Thornton** and **Tom Burlinson** have both been approached to star in *The Man From Snowy River: Part 2*, the sequel to the movie which was, until *Crocodile Dundee*, Australia's biggest grossing domestic hit. Let's hope it's more successful than director **George Miller**'s other effort, *Cool Change*, which was more Mills and Boon than Banjo Paterson. . . Disney executives are reported to be shocked at **Michael Jackson**'s performance in a 12-minute space fantasy, *Captain Eo*, made by **George Lucas** and **Francis Coppola** for showing only at Disneyland and Disney World. The company fears that scenes where the star dresses as a girl and does a suggestive and sexy dance will be too much for children and grandmothers, but Jackson flatly refuses any cuts. . . The Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *Les Miserables*, a blockbuster musical in England, is due to tour Australia this year, where they hope it will repeat the success of their *Nicholas Nickleby*.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

A Room With A View Laughter and romance in Edwardian England and Italy in exquisite adaptation of E.M. Forster. ♥♥♥♥

Crocodile Dundee Paul Hogan doing his thing in NT and NY. No plot to speak of but a few good laughs. ♥♥♥

For Love Alone Another Aussie classic translates to the screen with brilliant results and a new star, Helen Buday. ♥♥♥

Hannah And Her Sisters Woody Allen dissects sibling love and sibling rivalry. Minor masterpiece. ♥♥♥♥

Pretty In Pink Stars Molly Ringwald but it could have been Sandra Dee. Puts teen pics back 30 years. ♥

Runaway Train Heart-stopping excitement as Jon Voight busts out of jail on a driverless train to nowhere. ♥♥♥♥

The Color Purple Spielberg shifts gear to show man's inhumanity to woman. Too long and too pretty. ♥♥

The Trip To Bountiful Oscar-winning tour de force by Geraldine Page as old lady trying to escape the present. ♥♥♥

Top Gun Appalling Cold War-type heroics from abominable Tom Cruise, relieved by great aerial sequences. ♥

Trouble In Mind Weird, vaguely futuristic look at relationships against a background of urban violence. ♥♥♥

Wetherby (Strange) Life In A Northern Town. David (*Plenty*) Hare's directorial debut with Vanessa Redgrave in top form. ♥♥♥

♥♥♥♥ Don't miss ♥♥ Worth a look
♥♥♥ Good show ♥ Forget it

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL HUTCHENCE

A candid conversation with the front man of INXS on sticking together, hanging loose, and making it as Australia's most successful rock band ever.

As lead singer of Australia's most famous living rock band, INXS, Michael Hutchence probably has a wider international following than any other pop star from this country. He's a singer perfectly suited to his decade, articulate and intelligent, poised on the high wire between cashing in and selling out. He's a paradox, a young man who seems firmly in control of his enviable life, yet to some extent a victim of the commodity-brokering that can turn a good group into hot property.

There's no doubt that INXS are sizzling these days. In September they returned to Australia from a world tour that took in the UK and nine or 10 other European countries, thence to America's Deep South, up the east coast to Canada, back down through the US heartland and on to California. They have their third international hit album in a row and are scheduled to begin recording again come New Year. INXS have built their global success on touring, and this latest effort may be the boost they need to make that quantum leap to supergroup status.

The most notable feat to date of these six high school mates may be that they've managed to stick together as a band for eight years, despite all pressures, thus giving their collective talents time to mature. Hutchence, 26, was born in Australia but raised in Hong Kong by wealthy parents, who returned to Sydney when he was 12. He met Andrew Farriss in high school at Killarney Heights and eventually joined Andrew's band The Farriss Brothers, which included Tim and Jon Farriss, Kirk Pengilly and Garry Beers.

Hutchence had just finished sixth form when the Farriss family moved to Perth. He and the other band members decided to go there as well, spending about 10 months rehearsing and playing local gigs. In 1979, the band re-emerged in Sydney as INXS. A single was released on an independent label in early 1980, the first album came out in October of that year, and intensive touring of Australia's east coast got under way.

An album-tour-album-tour sequence began and the strategy paid off in late 1982, when the band's third album, Shabooh Shoobah, hit the top five nationally. Produced by Mark Opitz, who had made his presence felt in the hard rock recordings of The Angels, Cold Chisel and AC/DC, this album brought out a gutsier sound from INXS than in the past.

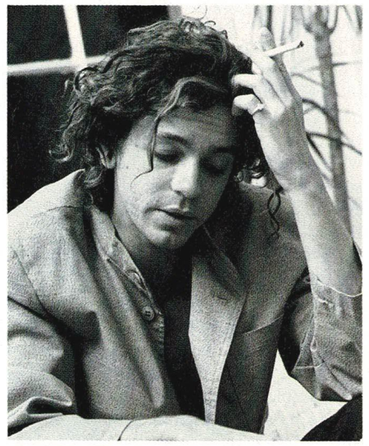
The first Canadian and American airplay happened in 1983, followed by the first US tour, and then The Swing album, produced by Englishman Nick Launay. It had a debut at number one in Australia, while the single, Original Sin, topped the charts here, in France and in Argentina of all places.

There was a world tour in 1984, to sell-out crowds in places such as the LA Palladium, and The Swing went double platinum (two million sales) in 1985. That year INXS swept the Countdown Music and Video Awards with seven wins, including Best Male Vocalist for Hutchence, who won that award again in 1986.

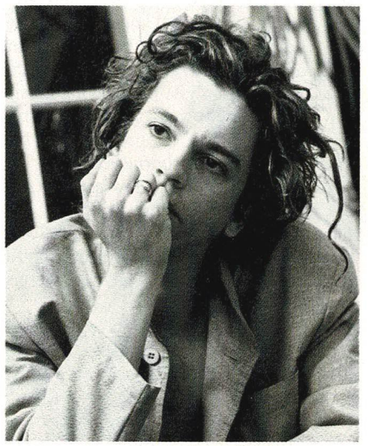
At time of writing, the band's fifth album, Listen Like Thieves, was busily assaulting world charts and looked headed for platinum status. It was produced by Chris Thomas, who started out as a sound engineer on the Beatles' White Album and went on to produce such notables as The Sex Pistols, The Pretenders, Roxy Music, Pete Townshend and David Bowie. Thomas now produces only a couple of albums a year and it's therefore no minor point that he decided to give INXS his international seal of approval.

The band's following has broadened somewhat as their sound has grown slicker and tougher. No longer is an INXS concert abroad entirely bubble-gum country. In fact, the trendiest radio stations (the ones whose listeners own

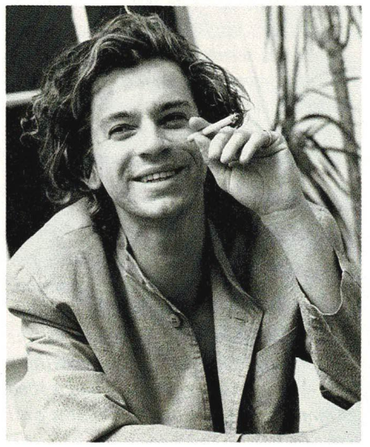
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARTH BOYD



"What Richard Lowenstein and I talked about was the fact that most of the time when people say, 'Don't take drugs,' it's the worst thing anyone who's established can say."



"Isn't Ossie Osborne just playing music that lots of people want to hear? Wasn't Frank Sinatra just a product of his generation as Ossie Osborne is of his?"



"We could not cope with having to be the big, macho, ugly boys and drink lots of piss and fuck as many sheilas as possible in the back of the panel van in the parking lot."

rowing machines and compact disc players) in cities like San Diego and Sacramento have INXS firmly entrenched on their high-rotation playlists. INXS have both fans and critics in the UK, but there are millions of loyalists in America, Canada, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, France, Sweden, Japan and assorted outposts of the rock kingdom.

Co-manager Gary Grant, who says he wants INXS to become "a Mount Rushmore of Australian bands", believes the group's success must be attributed in large part to Hutchence's stage presence and his raw, attacking vocals. Grant notes proudly that Hutchence has missed only one show in his career due to throat troubles, which isn't bad considering that the number of live gigs is now in the thousands. Hutchence says his main voice problem is with "trying to get over the rest of the bastards".

Aided by a series of videos filmed by Richard Lowenstein, the young director of Strikebound and of Pete Townshend's White City movie, the world press has begun comparing Hutchence to all sorts of singers, both living and dead. In America, they like the Jim Morrison comparison. In Europe, talk of Jagger's style crops up.

Last May, Hutchence finished his starring role in Lowenstein's second feature film, Dogs In Space, which was shot in Melbourne and will be released in January, at about the same time INXS begin recording their sixth album. Just before Hutchence and friends were whisked off to Europe to start this latest world tour Australian PLAYBOY sent ***Steve Bunk*** *to interview him.*

Bunk reports, "The guy is as down-to-earth as you might expect, especially if you've ever seen the band's no-nonsense style of performing. He has an average terrace house in Paddington, unadorned except for his new video and his longtime friend Michelle — who I was obscurely pleased to note is a knockout. Hutchence was easy with questioning: he claimed interviews are the only chances he gets to figure out what he's thinking. For someone who has grown up on the road, he's a pretty good thinker. And yet for a bloke who seems to have it all, I got the impression that he's longing for something more. We drank Coopers and had a good old time, trying to work out what it's all about."

PLAYBOY: You and the band have a reputation for being big on moderation and self-control.

HUTCHENCE: And we're called INXS. Ah well, we have high hopes for ourselves. We certainly have a good time.

PLAYBOY: Is moderation in danger of sanitising rock, of taking the rebel out of rock'n'roll?

HUTCHENCE: Where does the rebel lie these days? Gone are days of people in bands being busted for doing this and that, pissing against the walls of garages and ending up on the front pages. Nobody could give a damn anymore. The people on the front pages now are the establishment. They're the rebels. It's just turned around, now the truth is coming out.

PLAYBOY: What about the theory that the best artists usually are a bit crazed? Do you ever worry that you're too well-adjusted for the good of your own music?

HUTCHENCE: No, I'm just being very well-adjusted at the moment. It's a phase I'm in. Actually, I have to be well-adjusted, or at least try to be. Not in a boring sense but if I didn't, I think I'd be somewhere else, strange.

There's only been a few moments in rock'n'roll history where a band has changed society in any considerable way that's still with us.

PLAYBOY: There are plenty of strangers in rock. For instance, the ones who espouse androgyny, bisexuality, transsexuality. Do you think all that sets a dubious example for young fans?

HUTCHENCE: Well, a young mind is a fertile mind to plant seeds in, but I think people are pre-destined to be what they are. Everybody's confused. I mean, who's the guy who's been getting the stick about biting off bats' heads in the States? Yeah, Ossie Osborne. Isn't he just playing music that lots of people want to hear? Wasn't Frank Sinatra just a product of his generation, as Ossie Osborne is of his?

No, there's been only a few moments in rock'n'roll history where a band has changed society in any considerable way that's still with us. Perhaps the Beatles and a couple of other bands. The Sex Pistols obviously changed a lot.

PLAYBOY: So music doesn't have any effect on changing world consciousness?

HUTCHENCE: It's probably had more effect in these past few years than it ever has. Rock'n'roll used to be there to disrupt consciousness, as far as some people were concerned. Maybe we're just seeing the new establishment coming through.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your new establishment in movies. What's the verdict? Can you act?

HUTCHENCE: I keep asking the same question. Everybody says I'm confident, at least. I hope so. It's not a whim, I've been thinking about doing this for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Did it help that you were playing a rock musician?

HUTCHENCE: Actually, it was very hard. The closer you are to a character, the harder it is. You can confuse your own ideas with the character's. I think if I were playing a trouble-shooting accountant, it would probably be easier. In another way, though, I suppose it's easier to understand what it's like to be a singer. What it made me realise is how easy it is to be a singer in a band. This is the most different thing I've done in eight years. For me, it's a new lease on life. I've got the bug.

PLAYBOY: The film has sex scenes, we hope.

HUTCHENCE: Yeah, quality sex. Actually, nothing very explicit. I think that's the kind that works better anyway. There are some funny sex scenes between the different members of the household and a fair amount of drug-taking. It's not done in a romantic light. What Rich [*Richard Lowenstein*] and I talked about was the fact that most of the time when people say, "Don't take drugs," it's the worst thing anybody who's established can say. It just makes you go out and take them. Drugs can be fun, no denying that, same as alcohol is fun. But what this movie is showing is that yeah, people occasionally are having a really good time with them, but the balance is there. For every action there's an equal reaction.

One of the actors was using heroin every day when he started the movie and he had been using for years. And he stopped using while we were making the movie. Nobody said stop, he was just reliving these ghosts. Having it presented to him through the course of the movie, he stopped. If that was the effect on people in the movie, I hope it will have that effect on people watching it.

PLAYBOY: Next you're off on another world tour. Do you feel any dread?

HUTCHENCE: Any thinking human being would get sick of packing a suitcase 70 times in a row. On tour, you only exist for two hours a day, on the stage. The rest of the time, that's where all the madness comes in, where people screw up. They get into all sorts of bad things because of the boredom. And it's very gruelling, a five-month world tour.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to stay in some of the places longer?

HUTCHENCE: I'd love to, but we've been to enough places on the road over and over again for me to have friends in different cities and to have got to know places. The first couple of times, you can't believe that you're in Paris for a day and you're gone. All you've seen is the airport, the hotel and the gig and split.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret of the band having continued for eight years with no personnel changes?

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Hutchence: "There's something about cutting your teeth on the live circuit."

HUTCHENCE: I guess respect, temperament, humor. We go into a whole different mode as people when we're on tour. If you were to walk in while we were having a talk, it would be very disconcerting. You wouldn't know what we were talking about, because we speak in codes. There's an arrogance of doing that regardless, having this little clique among ourselves which makes it hard for people around us to break into, but that's where our strength is, the chain attached to all of us. The idiosyncrasies keep us together. If we shared those idiosyncrasies, nobody would understand them anyway. If we threw somebody out of the band today and brought somebody else in, they wouldn't know what to do, where to start. It would never work.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example of these idiosyncrasies?

HUTCHENCE: Oh, one thing we do is pick up bits of language from all over the world. Sometimes we use slang words from five different languages and throw them all together in a way of communication that can be a bit strange. We also get hung up on the same sorts of movies, comedy and things like that.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that duos and solo acts far outnumber successful bands now. Why?

HUTCHENCE: Half of it's pure economics. To tour with INXS, six people, is very expensive, although we pay for it ourselves, ultimately. But the other half is that they can take one person and mould him into whatever they want, and they'll never be able to do that with INXS.

PLAYBOY: How important are your managers to your success?

HUTCHENCE: Very important. From the start, we decided we would do our thing and they would do theirs. They never said to us, "Come on, guys, we need a single for America," or something. Our management is notoriously hard-headed, they're really arseholes! Hi, guys, sorry about that. Really, they're nice people but when it comes to business, they're tough.

PLAYBOY: Are you an egotist?

HUTCHENCE: Oh, yeah, I've certainly got a professional ego, but I'm a pretty shy person. I have my moments, for sure. Ego is about believing enough in yourself to give. Frankly, I think more people should have more ego. I don't mean thinking you're better than anybody, but just thinking you're as good as you really are.

PLAYBOY: You said once you thought you were an elitist. What did you mean by that?

HUTCHENCE: I think I was referring to background. When Andrew and I were in high school, we were musical snobs. I guess we've always had a bee in our bonnet about Australian culture, its lack of sensitivity and sophistication. We purely could not cope with having to be the big, macho, ugly boys and drink lots of piss and fuck as many sheilas as possible in the back of the panel van in the parking lot at the pub. We had dinner parties and drank red wine. Girls would walk in shocked, in puzzlement. How could it be? It would be really nice. We were considered quite strange.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the INXS sound would have been different if you had all been raised in England?

HUTCHENCE: Definitely. There's something about cutting your teeth on the live circuit, and something about Australian music that you're not aware of while you're still in Australia. It's a certain way the music's put together, a sort of loping rhythm that's not as fastidious and clinical as English bands.

PLAYBOY: Why did you guys go to Perth at the beginning of your career?

HUTCHENCE: A bunch of reasons. It was a strange thing to do, really, the worst place in the world to go and play regional music. We got thrown out of there. Well, not thrown out, but we left because they wouldn't play our music anymore. There is a monopoly among agents, where all they want is jukebox bands. These guys drive Porsches and live in big houses, and all they'll play are the most horrifying cover bands. The agents manage to make an enormous amount of money and are terribly insular and have nothing to do with music at all, really.

But Jonny was still in high school and his parents went to Perth and he had to go with them. We thought, well, we're not going to lose this great drummer. Why don't we just go there? It's really cheap to live there and all we're going to be doing is rehearsing. So, they picked me up in a red panel van and we drove off to Perth, spent nine or 10 months there and rehearsed.

PLAYBOY: And now that you're on top, is there anything else you'd rather be doing?

HUTCHENCE: There are a few adventures I'd like to have. I guess music is fairly much of an adventure but I have a friend who just came back from travelling up the Amazon, and diving down in the middle of the night underneath ledges on the sides of the river, looking for sleeping crocodiles. He was with a group of experts. You'd go underwater with a torch and the first thing you'd see would be a row of teeth. Something like that would be fantastic.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you dislike about your business?

HUTCHENCE: One thing that annoys me about the music business is this obsession with categorising underground and commercial. Until that whole idea is eliminated, we'll never get any farther with rock'n'roll as a permanent part of people's lives. I don't see any difference between a good Abba song and a good Joy Division song.

PLAYBOY: Do you think rock music is art?

HUTCHENCE: You can call anything art, and people either believe you or disbelieve you. I don't think there's any progressive rock'n'roll, that's bullshit. People who call themselves progressives usually have no idea of what they're saying. There's all these bands around at the moment that have started playing what's called swamp rock. Basically, it's just ordinary punk, and that was just a speeded-up version of heavy metal.

PLAYBOY: What groups are you listening to these days?

HUTCHENCE: I've been listening to a band called Big Audio Dynamite, which is a spin-off from the Clash. I love Talking Heads and I've been trying to listen to more ethnic music, different styles. Led Zeppelin I've started listening to, Pink Floyd again as well. Great stuff. I reckon the concept album is going to come back for sure.

PLAYBOY: Which musicians do you admire?

HUTCHENCE: There's lots. I feel inadequate as far as playing instruments goes. I respect

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PLAYBOY: Do you associate with people like Sting and Jagger, the superstars?

HUTCHENCE: No. I probably will, though. I don't really hang in those circles. You've got to have enough money. It's like, "I'll meet you in Paris, let's go there for lunch." I can't do that, I can't keep up with it.

PLAYBOY: You'll be billed with Queen during part of this '86 world tour. What do you think of the English press comparing INXS to Queen?

HUTCHENCE: Some people say our albums are really safe. To me, safety is maintaining a formula. I think if you listen to our albums, they do change considerably. Queen have always done that too.

PLAYBOY: Someone threw a revolver on to the stage in one Southern US city. What did you do?

HUTCHENCE: I didn't even notice until it was taken off-stage but I remember Tim trying to see what it was in the dark. It was a magnum or something with a tag on it saying, "Thanks for all your help." It was a black guy who threw it on-stage.

PLAYBOY: On your previous world tour, you got some death threats in America because of your song *Original Sin,* about inter-racial lovers.

HUTCHENCE: Yeah, we got the Ku Klux Klan saying they were gonna fucking burn us alive and stuff. Stations that played the song got bomb threats. The Young Nazi Party on the scene, cute guys.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel physically safe on tours these days? Does terrorism worry you?

HUTCHENCE: Pretty safe, but it's started to get into my mind that the future's main problem isn't going to be world war, it will be civil violence. People are grouping off like animals into all their factions at an enormous rate, even here within sleepy old Australia. We're not integrating and I can see that expanding until it's like *A Clockwork Orange* in parts of the world. But I feel pretty safe, I don't think I matter that much that anybody is going to do anything to me.

PLAYBOY: How important is the producer when you're making an album?

HUTCHENCE: Pretty important these days. For instance, Nick Launay is one of these English producers who's like a librarian or a scientist at his desk. Walk into the studio and he'll have a 48-track tape on the floor, reeling it out, cutting it up and putting it back together. That's horrifying to the traditional producer who says you don't fuck with the music. Nick can make anything sound like anything he wants. It's all a question of how far you want to go.

PLAYBOY: So you might have no idea of what a song will finally sound like?

HUTCHENCE: Sometimes, yes. It can be really surprising when you get back a tape from London. But you just keep on sending it back until you get what you want. It's surprising, though, how if you listen to something for a while, you realise in the end that was the way to do it.

PLAYBOY: Why do think Americans used to think of INXS as a techno-pop band?

HUTCHENCE: That was the synthesiser in the band. At that stage in America, anything with a synthesiser was pretty whacky and wild, New Wave. Now synthesisers are old-fashioned, but I think they may not reach their potential for another 50 years. The last keyboard we bought was $16,000; it looks like a piece of military machinery, you turn it on and it can't make one sound by itself. All it does is sample sounds, it uses floppy discs. You put sounds into it, anything you like, put the microphone close and go "Pptthh," and you create this amazing orchestration.

PLAYBOY: What will you do after rock?

HUTCHENCE: Horrible question. I don't even want to consider it. I don't know, this acting business has really got me.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about political leadership through music, like Geldof or Peter Garrett?

HUTCHENCE: I say good luck to them. It's the same as Ronald Reagan becoming president. I would not like to be Peter Garrett sitting around in Canberra, I think he would have a horrible time. Peter's very altruistic and he wouldn't play those dirty games. It's funny, all this. People are bored with it now. People are bored with starvation in Ethiopia now.

PLAYBOY: Is there any problem more pressing?

HUTCHENCE: This is going to sound really far out, but yes, conservation. No one's pressed the button yet in this nuclear problem and I doubt if they will. But we've already pressed the button on what's happening to the natural resources. Two-thirds of the oxygen we breathe comes from the Amazon and the Congo Basin, which is being destroyed at thousands of acres a day. It's already happening, our weather patterns have changed, and it's just going to keep on going. Personally, I believe humans will become extinct without a nuclear holocaust, that's our natural path. We're doing our best to do it to ourselves.

PLAYBOY: You think it's irreversible now?

HUTCHENCE: Regardless. You see, I don't see anything wrong with the fact that tigers and elephants are all becoming extinct. The fact that they've been hunted out is disgusting, but all these changes are natural, it has to happen. Those animals are from a bygone era and unless we humans can adapt and sort it all out for ourselves, we will be, too.

PLAYBOY: Starvation in Ethiopia is natural?

HUTCHENCE: It's horrible but true. That's where they live and that's what has happened. The whole reason that's happened to them is because of what we've been doing. We've taught them all the wrong techniques. But if we had let them alone, they'd still be eating in the normal way.

PLAYBOY: Back to personal dangers — what are the biggest concerns to you on tour, aside from death threats?

HUTCHENCE: All the cliches. There's this vulture-like obsession of people surrounding music, that they want to indulge you.

PLAYBOY: That's an enviable problem.

HUTCHENCE: Kind of. We're smart about touring now. The first time we went through America and everywhere else, I came back 10 years older, it was terrible. It's all a question of discipline and relief, and I hate that rock'n'roll cliche, way out. I'm not going to sit in a fuckin' aeroplane freebasing.

PLAYBOY: By all accounts, you're pretty moderate with drugs nowadays.

HUTCHENCE: We're particular — '80s consciousness. I don't really like pot much now. I used to smoke a horrendous amount of dope, like six large hash joints a day was my usual split. And then I had to go to Japan to play for two weeks, where you can't even mention the word or they'll come down on you. So I couldn't smoke for two weeks. Withdrawal. All these memories came flooding back, my whole attitude changed. It made me realise I was living in this haze. So I really don't smoke any more.

PLAYBOY: But there's a lot of cocaine when you're in the US.

HUTCHENCE: Yeah, I think coke's really insidious. It's definitely a fun item for a night out occasionally. I like drinking, I've returned to my father's suggestions for drug usage — tobacco and alcohol. They're the worst. I think tobacco should be illegal. If they stopped tobacco usage, made it illegal tomorrow, and alcohol, even — no, I wouldn't go that far, it being in the Bible and all that but a quarter of all people in hospital are there because of tobacco and alcohol.

PLAYBOY: And women? Do you consider them a danger?

HUTCHENCE: That's a PLAYBOY question, isn't it? Actually, they are. Some people might enjoy indulging themselves with lots of women or men or whatever, if they're in a position like that. It goes hand-in-hand with a lot of bands, but I find it extremely vacuous.

Somebody to do with our tour spent a night with a girl after the show. He wasn't in the band but he happened to look vaguely like somebody in the band. She came knocking on the door with everything: cocaine, champagne, grass, whatever he wanted. They had a great night and as she left, she said, "I really loved the pants you were wearing last night on stage." He suddenly realised that she thought he was the guy in the band and she realised he wasn't. If you can put up with that attitude . . . people don't really want to know who you are, they just want to root. I can see us heading into a new Victorian Age.

PLAYBOY: But some girls aren't too Victorian. They'll follow you to every stop on a

national tour, won't they?

HUTCHENCE: That's what's bad: you start to harbor disrespect. I really like to get among those people and talk to them, then I realise they can't communicate because they don't know what to do. Their minds go blank and they shake. You say, "Calm down, please." It makes me feel terrible. Maybe it's just part and parcel of growing up. They say some girls like horses.

I have all sorts of views on the sexes that are probably very unpopular but I think they will be popular in the future. For instance, I think men and women are inherently, biologically sexist — if that's the word, it's a terrible word. There's no such thing as a sexual utopia and there never will be. Not until we're like seahorses and males and females look the same. That is a sexual utopia. Until that time comes, it's bullshit. I don't think sexism is superiority, it's just an exaggeration of instincts through conditioning. Television has so much to do with it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about sexual fidelity?

HUTCHENCE: I don't believe humans are essentially monogamous. I think that was a way of organising the world a long time ago. If you are, that's fine, but it doesn't make sense to me biologically even. But at the same time, I think there's an immense amount of beauty and depth to it. Once upon a time I spent as much time with as many women as possible but that doesn't work for me now, I don't get off on it anymore. Aren't we trying to regain a link between men and women, something that's been adulterated?

PLAYBOY: Is that a typical attitude for today's rock star?

HUTCHENCE: It's going to become, I think. You know, I love partying and I love the company of lots of women, but a one-night stand is really not worth it. I think it does chip away at you, it's pretty empty. For me — and the same goes for my girlfriend — if there's an experience that you really want to take, then you should take it, but it has to be carefully weighed.

PLAYBOY: All this must be difficult when girls are going to such extraordinary lengths to get your attention.

HUTCHENCE: Yeah, like Paula Yates, who's Bob Geldof's girlfriend. She followed him all over a European tour, every hotel, and he was totally ignoring her the whole time. How she finally got him was he left the stage one night out the back door and there she was, standing completely naked. She said, "Well, you can't resist this, can you?" He said, "No, I can't." So the story begins.

In Japan, for instance, they will book into every single hotel you're in, all over the whole country, and just be there all the time. You can try to say, "Let's talk," but they actually don't even want to. A while ago, I had a holiday away from the band and I started growing a slightly macabre beard and I had a large gold ear-ring in one ear and my hair slicked back, looking like Charles Manson. I turned up at this photo session and they said, "You have to shave that off." I said, "No, fuck it. I'm going to test these 15-year-olds." So we did the shots and it was an amazing reaction because I had some girls going, "That's great, you're real." But the young girls don't want to know that you actually shave. They don't want to realise you do things like that. Your shit don't stink.

PLAYBOY: I imagine some interviewers would only reinforce those kinds of misconceptions, to give the fans what they want.

HUTCHENCE: The major difference between American and European interviews, I find, is that in America, it's this enormous machinery. They all ask the same questions and it's very generalised. In Europe, they all have their own attacks and their own ideas. In Germany, we have this really full-on, mainly male, dark sort of following. A raging kind of fan, very serious, and the same in France. Whereas in Italy, they're all, "Ah *bella, bella.*" The States is great because Americans decide before they even leave the house they're going to have a good time.

The young girls don't want to know that you actually shave. They don't want to realise you do things like that. Your shit don't stink.

PLAYBOY: You've made a comment or two lately about getting older. Have you and Michelle thought of marriage yet?

HUTCHENCE: We don't believe in it. Oh, it's a romantic notion and I think it's nice if you want to do it, but we'd probably have a kid before we got married.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you reckon you're worth?

HUTCHENCE: Bad question. Not much, actually, at the moment. Perhaps more in the future. You don't get any money for quite a while. If I earned $100,000 today, I wouldn't see it for two years. It has to go through all these bastards that put it in their accounts and get interest off it and eventually it gets to me. What the government doesn't realise is that you're not an up-and-coming young executive. You're supposed to be making that money until you're 60, when you retire with a gold watch and a half-million dollar number. They don't realise your working life is perhaps five years, and they tax you as they would an executive for that whole time. You end up with virtually nothing.

PLAYBOY: But you have lawyers and accountants.

HUTCHENCE: And they're all taking money, too. The amount of money people save you is almost as big as their bill.

PLAYBOY: Were you an only child?

HUTCHENCE: No, I've got a brother. He's a sort of wrangler, he just works part-time. I think it's really hard for him, being my brother. But he gets by.

PLAYBOY: Fame obviously can be a hassle, but could you be happy without it now?

HUTCHENCE: That's a good question. I've never indulged too much in it, so I think I could easily just move up to Cairns and live there. I might go completely out of my mind as well, get really bored. A lot of mundane areas are completely cleared up when you have fame, so I think what would annoy me most are the trivialities I'd have to deal with.

PLAYBOY: How does the rest of the band feel about you being the star?

HUTCHENCE: I think it's very hard for Andrew. Without Andrew Farriss we're nothing. He's written virtually all the music and maybe most of the words. He hates attention focused on him, but obviously he would be frustrated by the fact that he doesn't get his just deserts. But he's coping. I keep telling him he's lucky.

PLAYBOY: Has being an Australian shaped your sensibilities in any way?

HUTCHENCE: There's an openness about Australia I really like, the no bullshit quota, although there's probably a lot of it anyway. But it's daunting to people overseas who meet us, because we don't play that "Where's my limo?" game. That doesn't work here. I've always said the worst thing you can do in Australia is be a success.

PLAYBOY: With all this travel, have you learned anything about the world which would be news to the bloke back of Bourke?

HUTCHENCE: No, actually, I've found the world to be really cliche'd. All the things you hear about are actually there, New York is New York and Paris is Paris. I think the big surprises come within yourself. In the music business, you're expected to go live in New York and get your little apartment, do all that. Most members of the band want to live in Australia, to be an international Australian band and not get caught up in that prosaic side of rock'n'roll.

PLAYBOY: Do you think INXS could become the world's most popular band?

HUTCHENCE: I hate to look at it as a competition. I'd like to be, not important, but to matter. For people to look forward to your next album because it means something to them. It's a very simple thing that's so damn complicated these days, full of grey areas you have to deal with. Frankly, I never thought it would be like this. I quickly learned. All the business side, you just have to deal with it. But really, when we get together in a dumpy old garage, we sit around and write music just like we used to, and nobody can change that.

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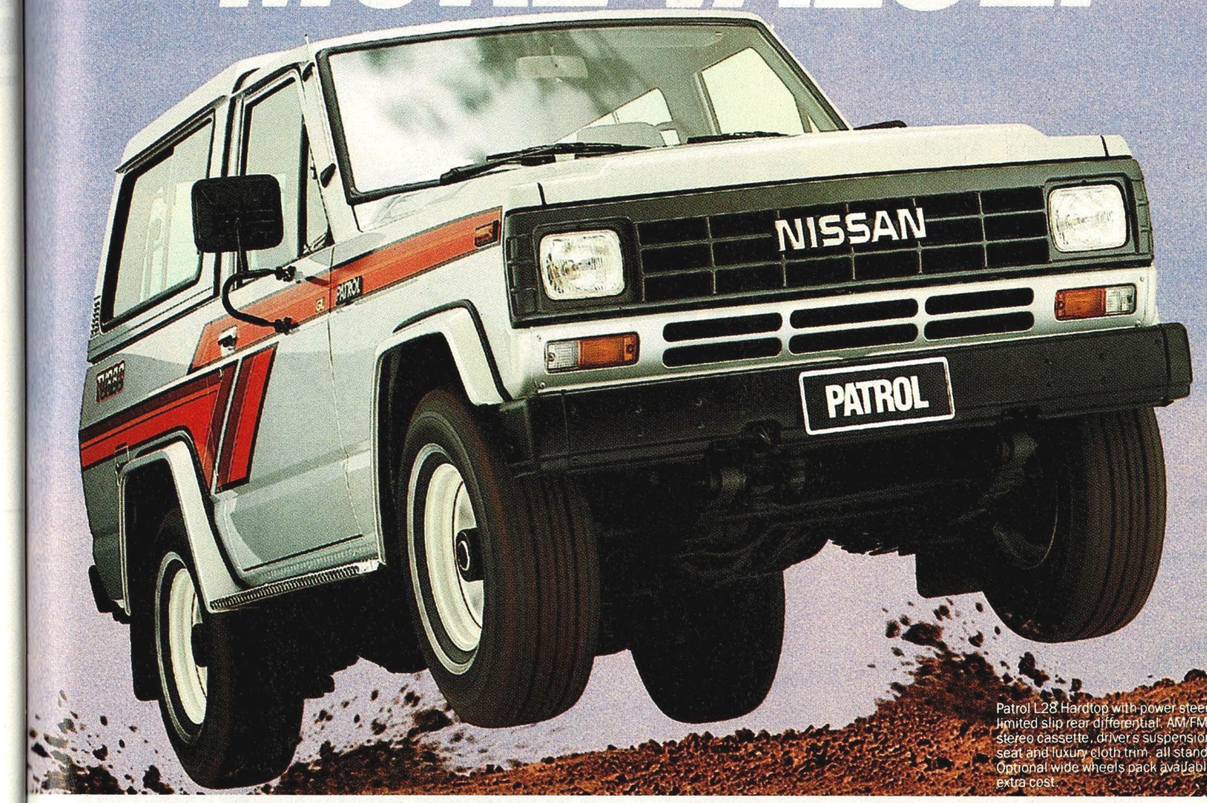

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"I saw a glint on gunmetal. The first shot shattered the windscreen of the jeep, spraying glass into my lap. Another tore into my right hand as it gripped the trigger of my machine-gun, ruling out any chance I had to return the fire. Suddenly the jeep lurched drunkenly as it was struck by something far more potent than the first volley. The front of the vehicle began to come apart like a Foster's can blasted by bird shot, metal peeling back as if caught in a gigantic can - opener. The sound of

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tearing metal seared into my brain.

"As the jeep began to roll, I saw Bob's head jerk back and his body begin to float upwards out of the driving seat, his FLNA uniform punctured in more than a dozen places. I knew that when he hit the ground it would be his last resting place. But now I was floating through the air, still clutching my machine-gun. Pain gripped my calf, as a bullet, or perhaps it was shrapnel, hit me in the back of the calf. I thudded into the sandy ground.

"As I lay helpless on top of my weapon, machine-guns opened fire again, causing leaves and sand to blast around me as they sought to make sure I was dead. One bullet struck my left boot, but only a hint of any pain meant it had missed my foot. Another passed through my right arm, just above the elbow.

"Of the two alternatives, to go down shooting or to play dead, only the latter remained. The pain was excruciating. I became aware of a figure standing over me as I drifted into unconsciousness. . ."

Gary Acker awoke in a hospital in Kinshasa, capital of Zaire. He had been found by Angolan rebels and ferried back to his camp. After some months of recuperation and a flying visit to his parents in Sydney, he disappeared back into the wilds of Zaire.

•

Bill Tenning had always wanted to fly. He dreamed of little else through his teenage years and, with an uncle bankrolling his expensive hobby, he gained his pilot's licence in 1966 at the age of 20. Tenning resigned his job with a Sydney bank and began a varied flying career as a charter helicopter pilot in Australia and New Guinea.

Tenning arrived in Vietnam in 1970. He knew nothing of the country or its history. He didn't realise the French had taken Vietnam after a dogged, bloody conflict in the 1880s, or that Ho Chi Minh had been trying to drive the French out of Vietnam for more than a decade. Tenning didn't know and didn't particularly care about politics or war. He simply wanted to fly his beloved helicopter, and the notion he was aiding the prevention of communism in the region was reason enough to be there.

Tenning flew a number of missions with distinction and efficiency. He was a natural chopper pilot, instinctively able to convince his aircraft to respond to his wishes. Tenning's fighting colleagues dubbed his chopper "Flying Fox" because of his uncanny ability to fly between the branches of low level foliage. Soldiers preferred to ride in the Fox because the danger and excitement related more to whether or not Tenning would end up wrapped around a tree, rather than taking enemy fire.

Tenning grew up fast in that war. He was detailed to the American forces for several months, flying gunship missions for them — a clear mark of his skill seated behind the control stick. When his extended tour of duty was over, Tenning returned to Australia, expecting to be consigned to flying tourists around Central Australia, but within weeks he found himself unable to settle into his new life. He was unsociable, nervous and began to seek solace in alcohol. He then received a telephone call from a wartime friend who was on leave from fighting insurgents in the Sudan. A pilot was needed to fly a captured helicopter.

At that moment Bill Tenning became a soldier of fortune. A mercenary.

Following a period in Sudan, where he mostly trained pilots to fly the much-used helicopters supplied to the rebel forces, Tenning went to Central Africa, where he joined the crack Rhodesian SAS. He recalls that period as one of the most difficult in his career: "The SAS philosophy was direct: hit the rebel bastards hard and fast, in the air and on the ground, with consistent raids against ZANLA and ZIPRA terrorist camps inside Mozambique and Zambia and sabotage in the African bush," he recalls.

Tenning, who was decorated with the Grand Cross of Valor for flying his new Flying Fox under heavy fire, shared his exploits with mercenaries from Britain, France, America and a few fellow Australians during his three years in Africa.

The question is why soldiers of fortune are willing to spend their lives sleeping in trees and being blasted at by the "enemy".

When the Rhodesian SAS was disbanded, he drifted on to new fields. His most recent communication with his family in Australia was postmarked El Salvador and contained the usual minimal information: "Still in one piece and rusted to the seat of the Fox."

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While some Australians are being exhorted to play out their Rambo fantasies in war games at weekends (including *Skirmish*, which involves shooting paint pellets at one another — the person with the least paint spatters wins), a few others are wandering the globe as professional soldiers, in the pay of legitimate governments, illegitimate regimes and insurgency groups. The majority tend to be anti-communist and are mostly found fighting left-wing ideologies.

Australians are much sought after as mercenaries. The ANZAC tradition of our fighting men is seen as a desirable background and it's estimated at least 100 Australians are operating as soldiers of fortune around the globe.

Some months ago, Thai police were trying to track down three Australian mercenaries who were among nine foreigners suspected of providing weapons training — along with some soldiering — to an ethnic minority insurgency group fighting the government of Burma. Police chief Major General Kasem Sangmitr said the group comprised three Australians, four Americans and two Frenchmen, and one member was believed to be a woman. He warned that if the foreigners were captured, they would be expelled from Thailand. The insurgency group, operating inside Thailand against Burma and known as the Karen National Union, consists of some 4000 guerrillas, led by international mercenaries and operating along the Thailand-Burma border.

One of the Australians, Martin Donelly (24), was wounded and left Thailand in October 1985 after being discharged from hospital. He had claimed he was travelling the border on the Moei River when he received a shrapnel wound. Donelly, originally identified as Sonny Wingate by Karen guerrillas who took him to hospital in Mae Sot (Thailand), was reportedly dressed in camouflage battle fatigues when admitted. Donelly was also reported to have been discharged from the Australian Special Air Service (SAS) a few months earlier.

Another mercenary on R&R back in Australia, Kevin Wendell, says it isn't uncommon to encounter Aussies fighting overseas. "I've served in four countries and each time found at least one other Australian on my side," he says. Wendell is cautious about discussing money. "Mostly the rate of pay is the same as for soldiers in the local army if I am hired by a government," he says. He admits some insurgency groups are unable to pay mercenaries but supply food provisions, a weapon, some ammunition and a map.

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The crucial question is why mercenaries or soldiers of fortune are willing to spend their lives crawling on their bellies through hostile jungle, fording murky rivers, sleeping in trees and being blasted at by the "enemy".

Wendell has been questioned about this many times. "Many mercenaries, particularly Americans, are driven by a hatred of communism, and are often willing to fight for an ideology or principle," he explains. "I recall one guy who had no money or family and his sole aim in life was to kill commies."

But Wendell says *his* primary motivation is adventure. "I've been offered both lots of money and no money at all to serve. I choose my work for different reasons but I guess the majority of decisions involve issues such as who we are fighting for and against, what equipment support is offered, the nature of the task and money."

He recalls being asked to go to Uganda and being told all that would stand between life and death was an ancient .303 rifle.

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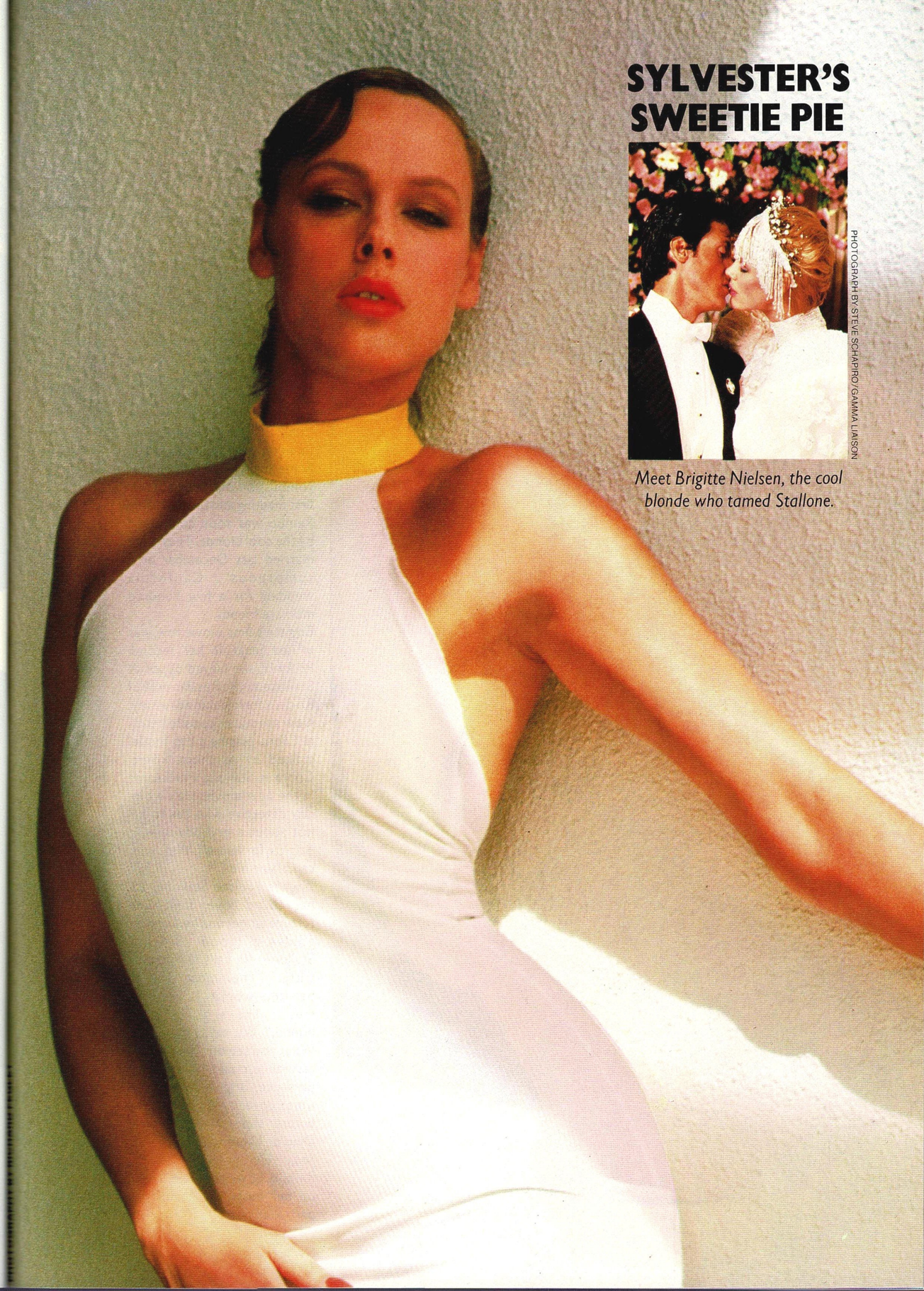
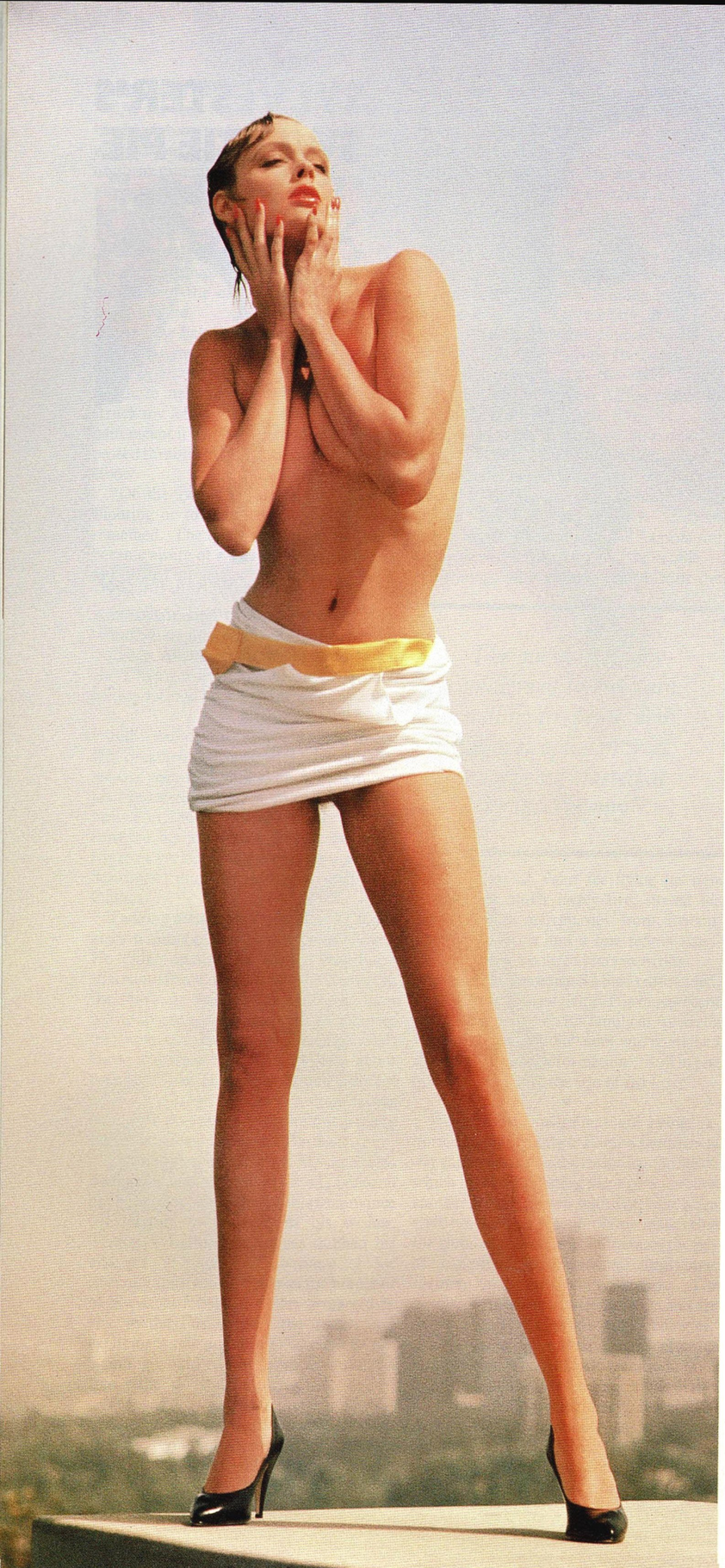


SYLVESTER'S SWEETIE PIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SCHAPIRO/GAMMA LIAISON

Meet Brigitte Nielsen, the cool blonde who tamed Stallone.



Collecting long-limbed beautiful blondes is no novelty for Hollywood hunk Sylvester Stallone, whose romance with Susan Anton had taken its toll way before he set eyes on the lovely great Dane, Brigitte Nielsen, known to her close chums as Gitte. Something like spontaneous combustion occurred at their first meeting and the invincible Rambo was soon conquered by the cool blonde. They were married last December at a sumptuous California wedding for a few hundred intimate friends.

Brigitte's first movie role was in *Red Sonja*. In her second, *Rocky IV*, she played opposite Stallone as the Russian wife of Rocky's formidable adversary. Now she stars opposite hubby in *Cobra*, playing a top model stalked by psychotic killers. Cobra is Stallone's nickname in the new movie. He's a big-city detective who has to kill just about everybody to save Brigitte for himself. Well, who can blame him?

Brigitte Nielsen Stallone, 23, has found love, fame and fortune far beyond her fondest golden-girlhood dreams. Stallone, 40, calls his glowing Gitte, "The most unvain, beautiful woman I have ever met. . . like a giant afghan hound." We say, bow wow! What you see on the screen is assurance, class and a stunning presence. Brigitte was a full-time cover girl in Europe before she was chosen by Dino de Laurentiis to play *Red Sonja*. Her new role as Mrs Rambo, however, looks set to be her most successful star part of all.

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

I do. And it cost me $49 to find out how.

Article by **PHIL JARRATT**

THE AD SAID: "Anybody Can Be Rich!" but that wasn't what attracted me the most.

Oh, I wanted to be rich so bad it hurt, but I wasn't, so what attracted me to "America's Top Wealth Seminar" was the line at the bottom of the advertisement that said, "A $295 seminar for only $49." Perfect. That meant I could save $246 for a start. By the time I'd finished reading the fine print I had realised that only a fool would pass up this magnificent opportunity to become an instant millionaire, just like the two guys you had to pay the $49 to.

It was a big ad on a prominent page of the morning newspaper and, while it was less than pleasing from an aesthetic point of view, there was a lot of reading in it. Essentially it promised to thrust me into the exciting world of buying and selling houses from an initial stake of very little effort and no cash at all. As that was precisely the sum of the resources I had available at the time, I phoned the toll-free number printed at the bottom of the page. I couldn't get through for ages, which I took to be a good sign. It seemed a lot of other highly intelligent people were taking advantage of this ludicrously cheap deal.

When, at last, I got through, a lady took my name and told me I could pay at the door the following Friday but I should get there at least an hour before the seminar was due to begin because the auditorium held only 600 people and there would be a hell of a fight for seats. I asked what brands of plastic they accepted.

"You can pay by cash, personal cheque or any credit card at all," she said, "but payment must be made in full on the day." In other words they weren't fussy. Anything that smelled like money was good enough for our two millionaire gurus. I jotted this down in my notepad. It was a special notepad I had pulled out of my drawer and I had written "How To Get Rich!" on the cover. Now I wrote on the first page: "Ask for cash but take anything."

I arrived at the Masonic Centre in downtown Sydney at 11.15 am the next Friday. The seminar was due to start at midday but there was not a soul in sight except for a security man at the main entrance and two girls sitting behind a desk, far away across the foyer. I admired the interior of the building for a moment while they checked me out. I was wearing a grey jacket with a toothpaste stain on the lapel, a T-shirt with a picture of Ayers Rock on it, a pair of daggy jeans and dirty white tennis shoes. I must have looked desperate to be rich because they recognised me as a customer and waved me over.

The girls were somewhat overdressed in frilly acrylics and bouffant hairstyles that remained in place regardless of animation. They had frighteningly toothy smiles and they were as American as Mom's apple pie. But underneath all that they were pretty and very friendly.

"They told me to get here early to get a seat," I explained as the girls took my credit card. They nodded and smiled.

"Doesn't look as though I needed to," I went on.

"Oh, there'll be a lot of people along in a little bit," one of them said. "We always have a full house."

The other girl gave me a business card which had a red star stamped on the back. On the front was a color photo of one of the gurus whose somewhat thinner visage had appeared in the newspaper ad. This was David F. Shamy and the card informed me he was the president of Shamy Investment Systems of Salt Lake City, Utah. I studied the photo closely. It showed Mr Shamy sitting at a desk, writing in a ledger (with a black pen, of course). In the background were two art pieces in heavy, traditional frames, suggesting, perhaps, that the obscured pieces within were art treasures. On the desk in front of him were several leatherbound volumes. (Under a magnifying glass at home later I deduced that among them was *Ben Hur* and a Reader's Digest collection of the works of John Steinbeck, neither of which seemed terribly pertinent to the business of getting rich quick, but perhaps, I decided, Mr Shamy pressed flowers as a tension-releasing hobby.)

The man himself looked about my age (don't ask) but even more overweight. He wore a lawyer's blue suit, gold-rimmed glasses and a semi-Newk moustache. He was grinning inanely, as you would expect from a man the newspaper ad claimed had "accumulated over $2 million worth of real estate in less than six years".

I put the business card in my wallet and went out to get some food before people started thronging in for the seminar. I had about three dollars in small change so I went to a Lebanese takeaway I knew nearby and bought a falafel burger and a cup of coffee. The sauce from the burger dripped on to my T-shirt and wouldn't come off, which annoyed me greatly because this was my first wealth seminar and I already felt conspicuously underdressed. Would 599 men in blue lawyer's suits turn and laugh as I walked in?

I put the thought out of my mind and walked back to the hall a few minutes before the seminar was due to begin. As it

turned out they'd started without me. I hurried in to find David F. Shamy (same blue suit) at the lectern and about 100 people scattered around the seating area in various states of repose. I took a seat and observed my fellow seminarians. We were an odd lot: scruffy people like myself, quite a few people I recognised immediately as real estate agents (ill-fitting clothes, idiot stares), some young Vietnamese and another group of older, casually dressed people that I took to be early retirees with some investment money they wished to parlay into fortunes.

Up at the lectern, Mr Shamy was saying: "Today you're going to learn from millionaires how to become millionaires." His voice was loud and lyrical and it filled the hall with the undulating rhythm I recalled from the evangelistic tent crusades of my youth. Back then it was, "Today, friends, you're going to learn how to have everlasting life just by saying six little words: Come into my life, Lord Jesus." The currency was different but the message was the same. Money could change our lives. Giving was receiving, and by giving our money to good ole Dave Shamy we had taken the first step down the road to righteous riches.

Hallelujah, brothers, I wanted to shout, but didn't.

Mr Shamy asked us what we did for a crust. Real estate? About four or five hands went up. Legal practitioners? None, and Mr Shamy seemed genuinely disappointed. Taxation officers? None, but this got a big laugh. The air was cleared. No spies in the camp. Now we free market desperadoes could get down to business.

Well, almost. First an anecdote about Mom. This wasn't at all amusing and didn't seem to have any point to it, other than allowing Dave to quote from the scriptures. During this, one of the frilly ladies from the registration desk started making elaborate gestures behind me. I watched with one eye. She held out her right arm at full stretch and placed her thumb against her pointer. She then turned her hand anti-clockwise and moved it back and forth in clear view of Mr Shamy. Body language is, of course, another seminar entirely, but I took an educated guess. Screwdriver. She wanted a vodka and orange. No, simpler. She wanted a screw? Ridiculous! He's up there spouting scriptures and she's down the back making obscene suggestions. Not in a million years.

Before I got too bogged down in charades Mr Shamy finished his anecdote and solved the problem for me. He put his hand in his trouser pocket and pulled out a set of keys. Car ignition. Of course! "Come right up here, honey," he said. "Folks, this is my wife. She has to move the car." Dave Shamy chuckled proudly and some of the folks joined in. It was like being in church when the minister has to tell one of his own kids to shut up. I figured that Mrs Shamy had blown about a dollar and a half of my learning time, but what the hell? Soon we'd all be rich beyond belief anyway.

Now a strange thing happened. Shamy started pretending he wasn't himself. By this I mean he proceeded to give a third person introduction, in the most effusive and glowing terms imaginable, to himself. I'd missed his opening gambit and thus wasn't aware that he had presented himself as the master of ceremonies rather than the star turn, but it seemed fairly obvious to me that the man pictured on my admission ticket/business card was the man up on the stage. Was this a joke or a twin brother?

"Folks, our first speaker today is a guy from Salt Lake City who was not particularly bright at school, he was just an ordinary person like you and me, and yet in just seven years, folks . . . just seven years . . . he has risen to become a millionaire many times over . . ."

Shamy went on in this vein for a while, then applauded himself and thanked us for the warmth of our welcome. I looked at my watch. It was 12.20 and I wasn't getting any richer. I eyed Shamy suspiciously. He looked like a vaudevillian turned banker, or a very serious car salesman. Ford LTDs perhaps. He sported a polka dot tie and hanky set to liven up his grim three-piece suit. He was still telling jokes and they weren't funny. Other people were checking their watches.

It was 12.20 and I wasn't getting any richer. I eyed Shamy suspiciously. He looked like a vaudevillian turned banker, or a very serious car salesman.

"This is American humor," he quipped in response to our lack of response. "It'll get here one day." Some of us groaned. He was losing his audience and, in the nick of time, he got down to business.

"Seven years ago I didn't have a dime," he reiterated. Lucky old you, I thought. Seven years ago I owed $27,000 and had no assets. Again I was transported to those wonderful crusades of my youth. Support act for the Billy Graham clone was always some flashy guy who would bellow: "One year ago today I was a hopeless drunk, staggering from gutter to gutter." I never believed that then and I didn't believe David Shamy now.

Eventually, however, Dave got on to the meat of the matter. He would tell us, he said, how to buy real estate without a deposit, or even a job. The first secret, of course, was that in order to own a million dollars' worth of real estate you must owe a million dollars. We sat bemused. So simple and yet so true. While the full import of this sank in, Mr Shamy went on to inquire as to whether any of us had any idea how much real estate he had bought since he was last in Australia, a few months earlier. None of us had a clue. I wondered if he knew how much money I'd squandered on exotic refreshments since last I was in America. In the matter of getting rich it seemed just as relevant.

Dave held up his right hand and counted out three fingers. There were audible gasps. "That's right," he said, "three new properties working for me. Very proud of that." He walked from one end of the stage to the other so that we could all view his three proud, land-owning digits. "Real estate is such big business right around the world. Ever hear of Malibu Beach?" We nodded. "It's where all the movie stars live. A quarter-acre block there costs over one million dollars and going up. Real estate is going up all over and do you know why?" We shook our heads. "Supply and demand. People will always want a roof over their heads."

That seemed a reasonable assertion, but Shamy didn't go on to explain why other people would always be willing to pay more for it than you had. Instead he changed the subject. "Would you like me to teach you how to neutralise capital gains tax?" he asked conspiratorially. We said we would, but he didn't. Instead, he said: "I'm not a complicated guy, not at all. That's why I'm confident that each one of you can do what I've done and make as much money as I have."

Wow! Even dummies like us! This was getting exciting. Next Dave explained a very simple strategy for owning two homes outright in just five years. This really made me burn up inside to think that I was burdened with a 25-year mortgage on just one lousy joint with falling-down guttering. This one was easier than falling off a log, Dave said. All you had to do was buy 12 homes over the next two years — that's one every other month — and hang on to them for four years with rents covering their mortgages. Then you sell 10 of them and use the profit to pay out the mortgages on the other two.

The utter simplicity of this plan staggered us seminarians. We looked at Shamy in amazement, but before this turned to incredulity he moved quickly into gear again. Stepping down from the stage, he suggested we get out our pads and take notes. The real secret stuff was about to out.

"Double closure," Shamy said, and let the words sink in. His hands clasped in a steeple in front of him, he walked amongst us, nodding his bespectacled head. It was as though he had revealed the mantra of eternal life. Finally he said he would explain how this Holy Grail of fast bucks worked by using the very real case of a friend of his

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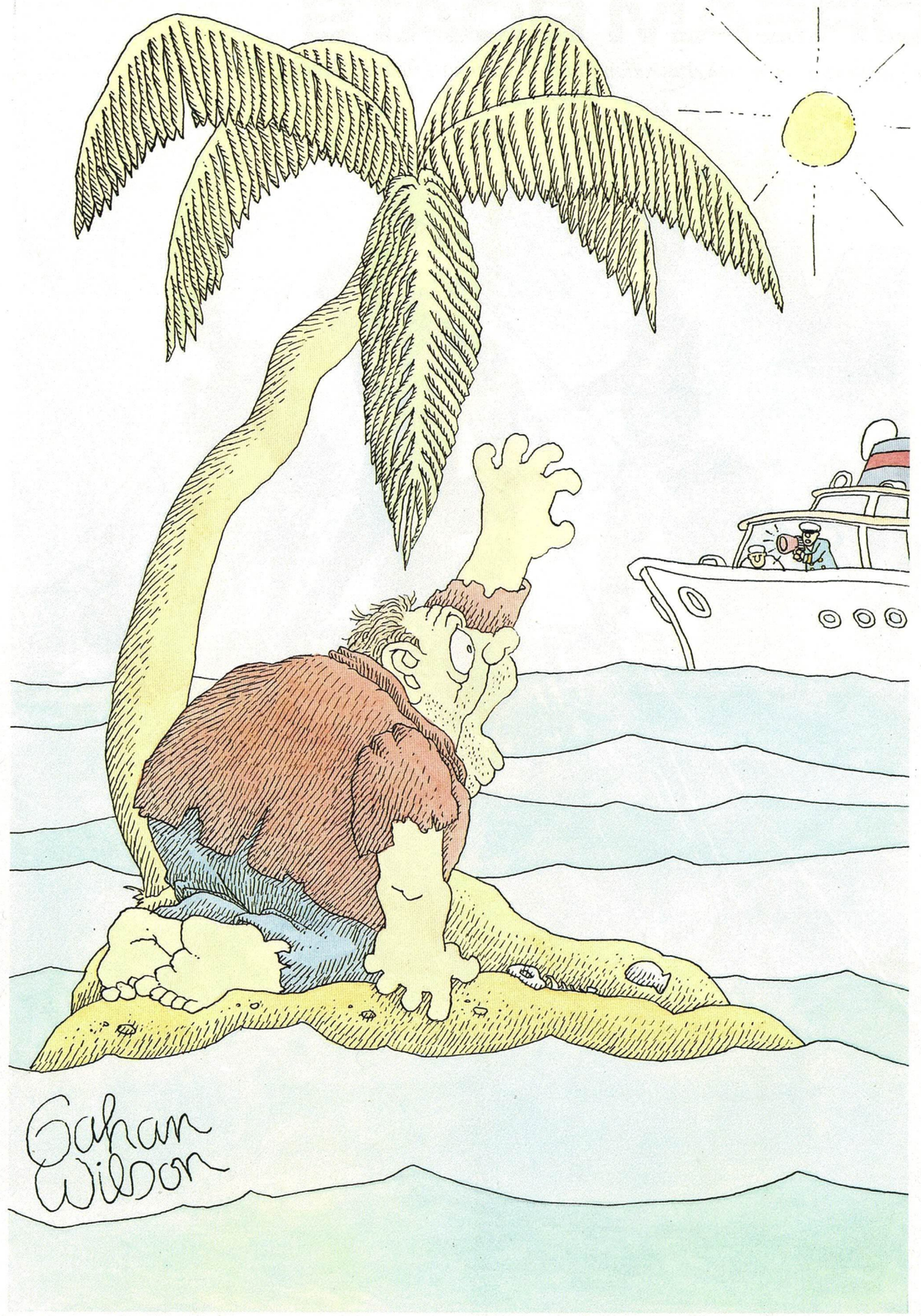


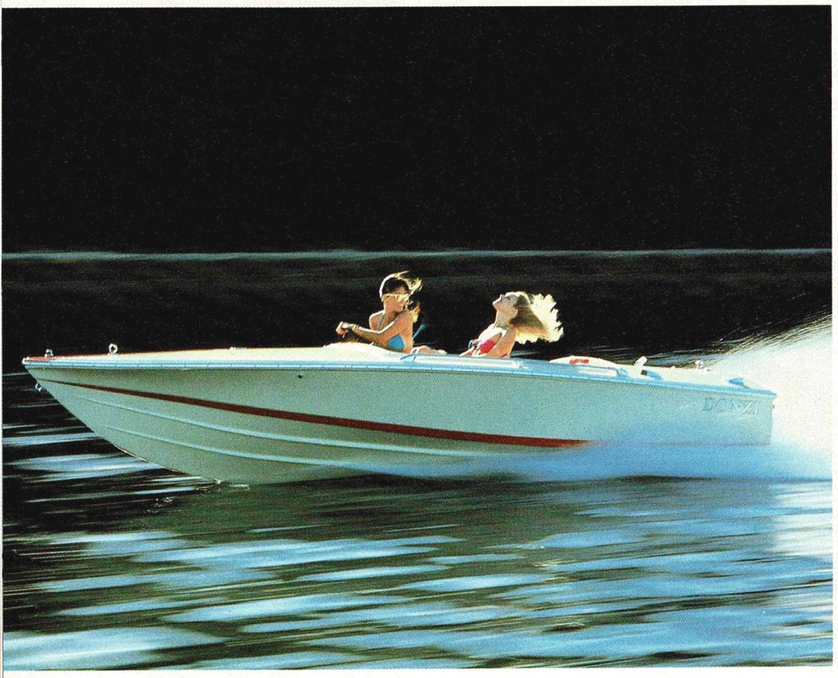
"How's the diet coming, Mr Sealy?"

DREAM BOATS

It's anchors aweigh with Australian Playboy's ultimate floating fleet.

Rail down, with battened hatches and a tuck in the mainsail, a Swan 43 going like a train and headed for a quiet anchorage off a secluded isle. Now we know what they mean by rapture of the deep.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CUNNINGHAM



Modern living by

REG POTTERTON

SOME ARGUMENTS never die, they just keep getting louder, which is how it is with boats, a subject of acute disagreement between sailors ever since canvas gave way to the propeller. All we care to say on the subject is that anyone daft enough to insist that power is better than sail or vice-versa stands as much chance of convincing a disbeliever as would a man who insists vanilla is better than chocolate.

Accordingly, we've chosen five of the very best in power and sail, with the certain knowledge that many people in the boating fraternity will disagree with some of our choices, and nobody will agree with all of them. We can hear it now: you left out the Low Down Low Monthly Ocean Motion 35! And Fast Eddie's No Cash No Splash Plastic Fantastic Knotbuster, with the FM stereo and dual speakers! Well, so we did.

In making our selection, we started with the questions that all prospective boat buyers need to ask: What will the boat be used for and where? Sailed around the

Hanging out on a Prindle 19 catamaran (top left), our couple in the flying trapezes shamelessly exceed the legal fun limit. Left: the world's fastest hair dryer, a Donzi Classic 18, carries precious cargo on a party-bound mission. Right: Miami's vice — and they had fun, fun, fun until Customs took their speedboat away! Complete with a 38-color paint job and a pair of 400 hp MerCruiser sterndrives, a Scarab 38 KV gets down to some serious business. Hang on, Sloopy!

world or on quiet inland waters? High-speed offshore travel or wetting a line in a quiet estuary? For cruising, racing or both?

Our choices, therefore, cover a wide range of possibilities. In all selections, we were guided by resale value as well as by quality, because the resale factor — along with strength, performance, function and comfort — is an essential consideration in appraising a boat for purchase. Always verify the pedigree of designer and builder before whipping out the chequebook; if possible, talk to an owner or three.

All of our chosen boats are fibreglass. Not that there's anything wrong with other boat-building materials such as wood, steel, aluminium or ferro-cement; it's just that most new boats are made of fibreglass and the stuff is strong and relatively easy to maintain, paint and repair.

PRINDLE 19

The Prindle is much more than just another plastic bath toy from America, as it proved to the sailing world during last year's Worrell 1000 in Florida. This 1000-mile ocean classic is raced over an unforgiving stretch of water, notorious for currents, gales, big seas and — even worse from the racing sailor's viewpoint — flat calms and windless summer days. Until last year, the only boats eligible for the Worrell were Hobie Cats; but then the rules were changed to admit any sailboat up to 20 feet, prompting the 1985 race organiser to observe, "The boat that wins the Worrell this year will be the strongest, lightest and fastest off-the-beach sailboat on the market." Of the 11 entries in the race, two were Prindle 19s; and they came in first and

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A cruising classic, the H-28 lies at anchor in a tranquil bay somewhere off the coast of paradise where our cruising couple ponder the age-old question: Whose turn to cook?

PUTTING THE SHOW IN BUSINESS

Everywhere you look, the dull toil of commerce is being given a high-gloss sheen.

Business by **LAURENCE SHAMES**

BUSINESS IS NOT rock' n' roll. Nor is it guerrilla warfare, the Melbourne Cup, cowboys and Indians, or the grand final.

Businessmen and businesswomen are not gladiators. Neither are they fast bowlers, test pilots, Olympic marathon runners or movie stars.

Business is... well, *business.*

It's that necessary but generally routine set of activities that most of us perform in order to pay our rent, buy eggs and cheese, and stay out of trouble between breakfast and happy hour at the pub. And business people — which is to say, *most* people —tend to be regular folks with the standard mixture of brains and limitations, daydreams and terrors, quirks, pettinesses, humor and dread.

Now I realise all of that is pretty elementary, even self-evident. And I say it only because there seems to be a movement afoot in the land to deny it — to inject the nation's sagging business fortunes with the silicone of myth, so that mere functions are portrayed as high adventures, the grey processes of commerce are passed off as invigorating quests, and Business Success — a goal which has historically held its share of squalor, bitterness and suicides — is held up as a Grail. Suddenly, the Alan Bonds, Robert Holmes a Courts and John Elliotts are being conscripted into service as superstars. We've got number-crunchers out there talking about *the right stuff:* the accountant as astronaut. We've got ad execs talking about swinging from the heels for the new dog food launch; the middle manager as clean-up man in the batting order of industry. We've got car salesmen gloating about how their new Holden will blow the doors off the Japanese:

ILLUSTRATION BY KEITH HARING

the commissioned floor-walker as Rambo.

What is going on is a national campaign to kid ourselves into thinking that business is more dramatic, more heroic, and just plain more interesting than it almost always is and, as usual, the media are in the vanguard of the bamboozling. *Australian Business* and *BRW* are two of our fastest growing magazines. Their stock in trade is the celebrity tycoon, preferably under 40. *The Bulletin* has seen fit to run a cover story on the eating habits of our top execs.

For the silver-haired set, there's *M,* an American magazine which addresses itself to the sticky problem of satisfying people's medieval hankering for aristocracy, in a country whose first premise is that there shall be no aristocracy.

The imagery, too, of business and the businessman has undergone a radical tarting up of late. It used to be that an executive portrait consisted of the head-and-shoulders of some pin-striped wowser sitting at his desk, with his hands folded, a pen-set in front of him and a globe alongside, and looking like he'd rather undergo a tax audit than crack a smile. These days, directors' pictures look a lot like album covers. Business bigs are being photographed — literally — sitting in the lotus position, standing on their heads, and wearing clown costumes. By the deft use of strobes, entrepreneurs in crew-neck jumpers and beat-up sandshoes are made to look like they're spinning off an aura of cosmic energy. It's a snapshot style that borrows heavily from the rock'n'roll portraiture pioneered by Annie Liebovitz and showcased in *Rolling Stone* back when people looked there, rather than in *Fortune,* for fan-zine gossip and close-ups of celebs, preferably with their shirts off.

Nor is business's grab for drama and immediacy limited to the print media. Even the breakfast radio shows now carry a business news spot. Finance commentators on the TV news come on sounding as though they are about to reveal some juicy scandal, then proceed to intone some stunningly meaningless factoid, such as that inventories of durable goods increased by one-tenth of one percent last month, equalising the decrease of the month before, so that we're all back where we started from.

This information is of use to virtually no one, but of course that's not the point. The point is that a fix has been provided to the nation's burgeoning ranks of business junkies. Thousands of people — not by working, not by getting anything accomplished, but merely by tuning in — have been reassured that they are plugged in to the fast-paced, adrenalin-laced, roller-coaster world of business — that they are part of the hyped-up, sexed-up crusade that is Big Business today. They feel like they belong.

The irony of all this is that, as a breed, we pride ourselves on being fearfully independent, on defining our own goals and going merrily to hell by our own self-chosen paths. We fancy ourselves immune to, and above, herd psychology. Let's face it, even as the Japanese walk all over us in business, we secretly despise them, with their company songs, their blind loyalties, their fanatical teamwork. Sure, they get results — but at the unforgivable cost of surrendering their individuality and abdicating their sacred eccentricities, in favor of the all-compelling myths of The Company and The National Objective. But think about it: is our own recent mythologising of business fundamentally any different? Our legends, too, are designed to motivate, to steer ambitions on to acceptable tracks, to subjugate individual choices to some irresistible vision of "success" as defined by someone else. Okay, we don't sing company songs in Australia. We just tap our feet to the patter of the business cheerleaders, and call it rock'n'roll.

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And we lie a lot.

We sexualise business by making it sound like a series of titillating, high-stakes gambles, a tightrope act performed without a net; when in actual fact, as John Kenneth Galbraith asserted in his 1958 classic, *The Affluent Society,* "Modern business enterprise can be understood only as a comprehensive effort to *reduce* risk." The businessman who *really* comports himself as a high-roller is neither typical nor smart.

We sexualise business by making it sound like a series of titillating, high-stakes gambles, a tightrope act performed without a net.

We rationalise business by portraying it, not as a scramble after wealth, but as the passport to life's civilised pleasures; when in fact business itself most often becomes such a draining and narrowing vocation, that civilisation's pleasures, once you get past phones in German cars, end up scudding by unsavored.

And finally, we glamorise business by making it, increasingly, one of those fantasylands in which we live vicariously. Barbara Howar, who, as correspondent for TV's *Entertainment This Week,* knows about celebrity obsession, recently observed that "shopgirls now read the *Forbes 400* (the equivalent of *BRW*'s Top 100) as avidly as a corporate vice-president." Why? They have about as much chance of entering those circles as they do of looking as lissome as the models in *Vogue.* But business, like *haute couture,* seems to have become one of those things which, by a truly sublime illogic, makes us feel good by making us feel bad about what we're not.

The question that remains, however, is why this rampant business mythologising should be going on right now. Part of the answer, no doubt, lies in the adventure-vacuum that otherwise pertains in this well-behaved and inglorious decade. After the local, intellectual, and yes, *moral* ferment of the '60s and '70s, the current historical moment... well, you can give it the benefit of the doubt and call it a period of regrouping and redirecting of national energies, or you can just say it's dull as shit. It is the sort of dead spot in time during which the self-concerned have always consolidated their gains and nothing much else happens. Which is not to say that business is bad or that businessmen are villains — *that's* just another version of the business myth, another strained and bogus way of lending resonance to what is, in the final analysis, a value-neutral game.

But there's the rub: *value-neutral* doesn't satisfy us. We are, in spite of ourselves, idealists. We call ourselves pragmatic, and we think we mean it as a compliment, yet even in our most mundane doings, we crave to cloak our ambitions in grandeur, we spin myths around us the way a tiny worm bedecks itself in silk. And this would seem to be especially true of us Baby Boomers — who are both the central subject and the central target of the business cheerleaders, not to say the majority of the cheerleaders themselves. We Boomers, with a cockiness that came from our sheer stampeding numbers, always knew that a very special destiny awaited us, and we tried on and outgrew alternative rhetorics like a tall kid outgrows pants. The buzzwords came and went; what was constant was the belief that we would live lives different from those that had ever been lived before.

Except it hasn't quite turned out that way, has it? Most of us have settled into lives *exactly* like those that have been lived before: lives in business in a culture that's *about* business. So now the mythology is undergoing a truly ingenious twist: having largely given up our dreams of being unconventional, we must contrive to make the conventional itself appear exalted. And that's what the business superstars are trying to sell us.

It's a not unpersuasive package, because it does contain a kernel of truth. If you're a corporate raider whose every hiccup sends shivers through the stock exchange, that's a kind of power that exudes the unmistakable whiff of sex. But, come on, how many of us, standing in front of the mirror on a Monday morning with a handful of half-tied Windsor knot crawling up our chest, really believe we're ever going to sit down at that table? Ninety-nine point eight percent of us, whether we acknowledge it or not, are not the heroes of the business mythology, but its dupes.

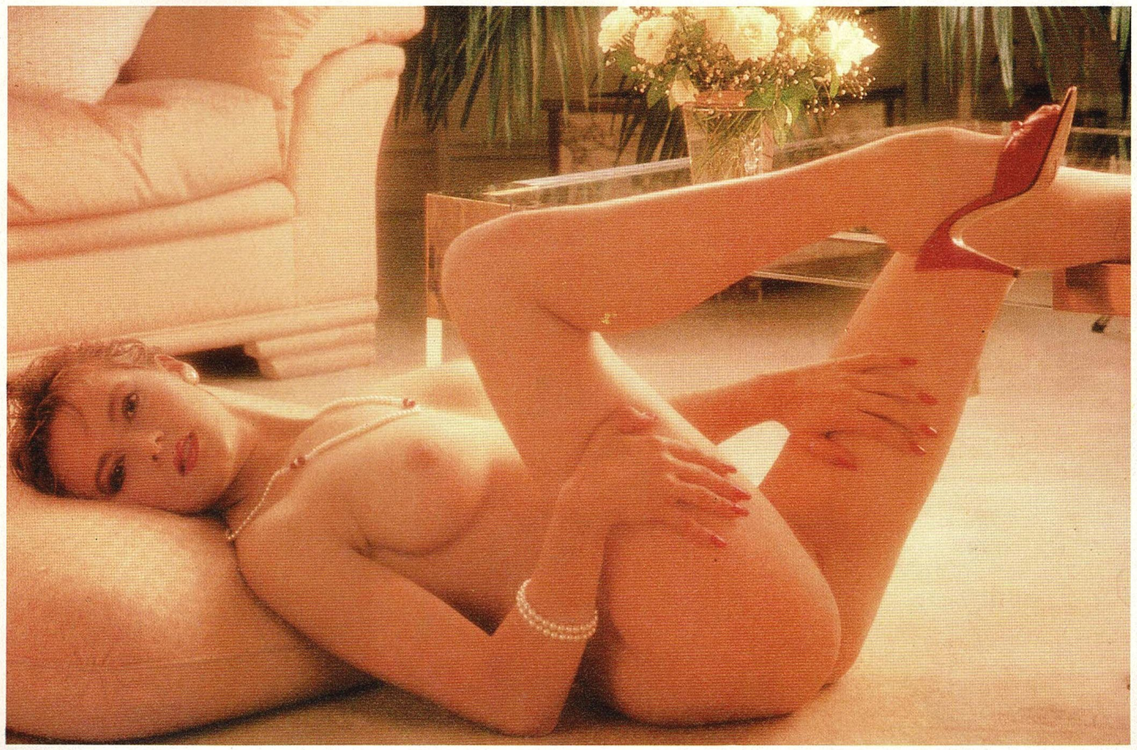
AS SOFT AS SYLVIE

Meet Sylvie Behar, a quiet and shy Leo who wants a lion's share of life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

When it comes to living life to the fullest, delectable Sylvie Behar has her foot firmly on the accelerator. This quietly spoken young lass admits there are two sides to her character. "I can be very shy and unsociable," she says, "but I can also be vocal and, because I'm a Leo, I like to have control of situations." With a small circle of close friends, Sylvie loves hanging out at the beach, having dinner at intimate restaurants and enjoying weekends in the snow. "I make the most of life," says Sylvie, "without being loud and aggressive. You don't have to be pushy and forward to be noticed." With those looks, Sylvie, we can't imagine you ever blending into a crowd!

On the question of men, Sylvie says she can't define what attracts her to a certain guy. "I'll know from the very first moment when I've found the right one. He must be athletic — but not one of those big musclemen — and have a zest for life. Oh, and he should always be on hand when I need him! That's every woman's dream."

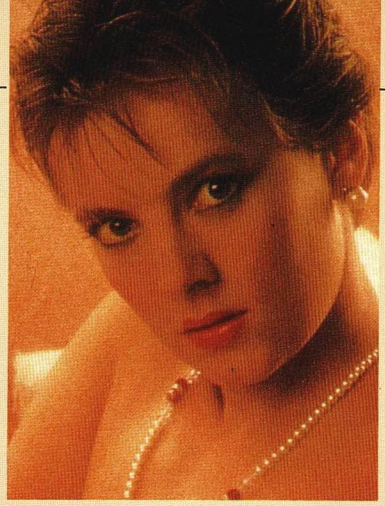


Sylvie loves to travel and would like to establish herself as a movie actress. Her choice of location? "Anywhere exotic!" she laughs. "I'd really like to travel all around the world and, although it's a fantasy, I'd like to be able to speak every language so I could communicate with everyone I met." Sylvie's other interests include classical music (her favorite piece is Beethoven's Seventh) and romantic novels. At our suggestion that she's a highbrow young lady, Sylvie protests, "Not at all. I just enjoy being alive and I don't believe anyone should waste a minute." Some sound advice from our deliciously soft Miss September.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Sylvie Behar



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Sylvie Behar

BUST: 83cm (33") WAIST: 60cm (23") HIPS: 83cm (33")

HEIGHT: 170cm WEIGHT: 50kg SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 25.7.66

AMBITIONS: To become a great actress and to travel to exotic locations around the world.

TURN-ONS: The sun, vodka, holidays, summer and yellow roses.

TURN-OFFS: Cold weather, rain, airports, Traffic jams and smoking.

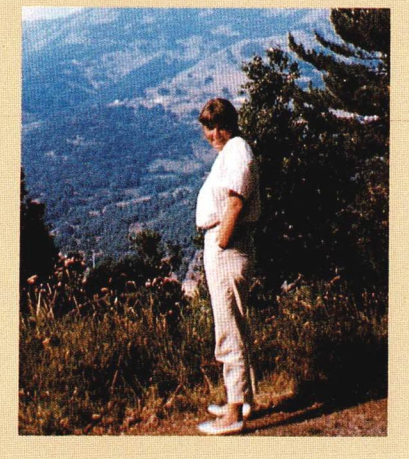
FAVORITE BOOKS: Any detective stories or murder mysteries and A Passage To India.

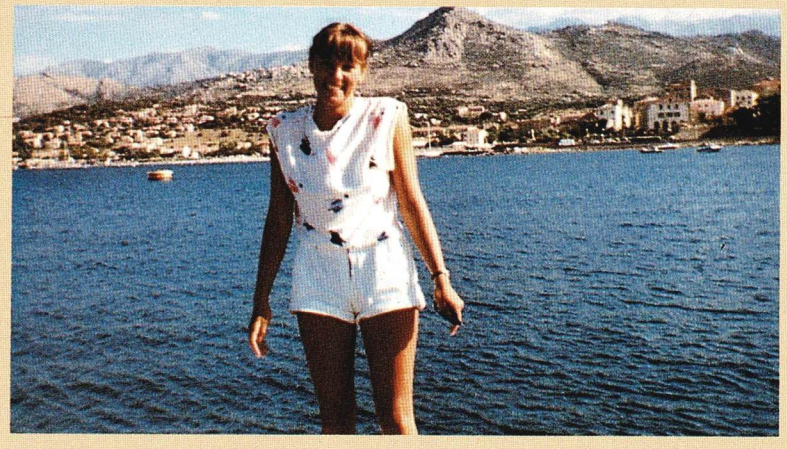
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jessica Lange, Robert Redford, Bruce Springsteen and Dire Straits.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skiing (snow and water) and sailing

IDEAL MAN: Must be slim, lively, amusing and always around when I need him.

SECRET FANTASY: To be able to speak all languages, and for the world to be at peace.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young fellow was horrified to discover that he had a diseased penis. He rushed to a doctor who confirmed that he had Mongolian syphilis and the penis would have to be cut off.

The man was so shocked he decided to seek a second opinion. The next doctor also told him that the disease was definitely Mongolian syphilis and the penis would have to be removed.

In a state of total terror, the poor young man decided he would consult an Asian doctor as, after all, it was an Asian disease.

"Is it Mongolian syphilis?" he anxiously inquired.

"Well, yes, it is," the Asian doctor replied.

"Will it have to come off?" he sobbed.

"Hell, no," the doctor beamed. "I don't understand these Aussie doctors. All they can think about is operating. Just leave it alone, my good fellow, and it'll fall off within a week!"

Three pieces of string fronted up at a bar one day. One of them asked the bartender for three beers.

"We don't serve pieces of string in here," came the reply.

The three strings went outside and discussed how they would solve this dilemma. "I'll go back inside," said one, "order the beers and then bring them outside to drink."

He followed that course of action, only to be told by the bartender that he wasn't going to serve pieces of string.

He came back to his mates and they had a further discussion on what they were going to do.

"I know," said one, "I'll disguise myself, order the beers and then bring them outside to drink."

With the help of his fellow pieces of string, he tied a knot in his head and fluffed out the stringy ends. He then marched up to the bar.

"Three beers, please," he told the bartender.

"Aren't you a piece of string?"

"No, I'm a frayed knot."

The domineering wife called at her husband's office and was told by his attractive receptionist that he was in conference.

"Indeed?" she snorted. "It amazes me how he can be so important here. At home he's all thumbs."

"Oh, he's important, all right," smiled the girl. "He has a finger in everything around here too!"

Oh, boy, my son's got girls hanging all over him," the construction worker boasted to his mate on the site. "I don't know how he has the energy."

"They say a bloke reaches his sexual peak at 17, you know," came the reply.

"Yeah," the worker sighed, "and to think mine slipped right through my fingers!"

The insurance salesman stopped at a singles bar, ordered a drink and gazed around the room. He noticed a young woman sitting alone at a nearby table.

Gathering his nerve, he approached her and said, "Excuse me, I hope you don't think I'm being forward, but I'm new in town and don't know too many people. I was wondering if I could buy you a drink."

The woman looked up and screamed, "*Motel*? How dare you!"

As every head in the room turned, the embarrassed man slunk back to the bar and ordered another drink.

Ten minutes later, the same woman came up to him, smiled and said, "I'm sorry about what happened before. I'm studying psychology and what I did was part of an experiment in human social behavior."

"Ah," he replied, then suddenly slammed his glass down on the bar, stood up and screamed, "*A hundred dollars*? Are you out of your mind?"

When his wife's snoring woke him for the third night in a row, George went into the bathroom, got some aspirin and popped two tablets into her gaping mouth.

"Oh, yuk," choked his startled wife. "What happened?"

"I gave you some aspirin."

"Why? I don't have a headache."

"Great!" yelled George as he leapt on to the bed.

It's too hot to wear clothes today," the man told his wife as he emerged from the shower. "What do you reckon the neighbors would say if I mowed the lawn like this?"

"Probably that I married you for your money," she retorted.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"She says to keep your shirts on. . . she'll be there soon enough."

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

I CAN FEEL A JINGLE COMING ON

Mojo, the wizards of Oz advertising, oughta be congratulated!

Article by PHIL JARRATT

THE CLIENT WAS Coca-Cola and advertising heavies from around the world had gathered in New York to pitch for the mega-buck account. The two chubby fellows from Australia were a bundle of nerves as they entered the boardroom to make their initial presentation.

Mo stood up and outlined all the ideas and jingles they'd considered and rejected. Then, heading toward his dramatic climax, he threw to partner Jo across the other side of the room. Jo pushed a cigarette into his

mouth backwards and lit the filter. He then held up the wrong card, upside down. It was not a great start, but Mojo's pitch for the Coke acccount was to get even worse.

In better form a day or two later, the advertising wizards from Sydney mapped out their suggested campaign for the president of the corporation and a group of his advisers. The atmosphere was tense and full of cigar smoke as they wound up their presentation and waited for the president to speak. Eventually he said: "Gentlemen, to what demographic has this campaign been targeted?"

In the jargon of the advertising industry such a question requires a response such as "Blue collar workers with a skew to the 18-24 segment, sir." But Mo and Jo had had a gutful. This was Coca-Cola, for Christ's sake! Who did they reckon you'd aim your ad at?

"Any cunt with a mouth," Mo replied. There was a long, painful silence in the boardroom.

This true story has become part of the apocryphal lore of Australian advertising, an industry notorious for long lunches and broad egos. It says much about the irreverent charm of Alan Morris and Allan Johnston but it says even more about what has made their Mojo Australia agency the hottest in the land. Mo and Jo have a way of stripping away the bullshit, of getting right to the nub of the matter. And when you have 30 seconds to get the job done, that's a pretty big plus. This bare bones philosophy — plus a healthy dose of what some call jingoism but what its creators regard as "aggressive nationalism" — has resulted in a string of tremendously successful and instantly identifiable TV commercials.

Consider the following: *"'Ave a go, you can do it." "Youuuu oughta be congratulated." "I love this place that I was born in, in a typical Aussie way." "Come on, Aussie, come on." "How do you feel?" "I can feel a Fourex coming on." "This Swan's made for you."*

If you've been near a television set in this country at any time over the past half-dozen years, these simple snatches of lyrics will have brought to mind a catchy nasal whine that sounds a bit like the bloke next door singing in the shower. Furthermore, at least one of these jingles will jangle around in your brain as you continue to read this article. You will hate it but you will be helpless to do anything about it. And if you can actually associate the maddening ditty with a product, Mojo will have done its job.

"It's not really a job at all," Jo says, "not if you like doing it as much as we do." He scratches his beard reflectively and lights a cigarette. We are sitting in the first floor dining room of the Royal Hotel in the trendy Sydney suburb of Paddington, just a few blocks away from Mojo headquarters, an impressive cluster of white buildings opening on to a cobblestoned courtyard. Mo and Jo eat here all the time, frequently by themselves, and they have been known to deface the white linen napkins with outlines for new campaigns. They work well with a few beers and a bottle of wine under the belt; things are progressing brilliantly by the time the cognacs are served. They are giggling pranksters who take naughty-boy delight in their long, boozy lunches. At times it is easier to believe they are ditch diggers who have just won the lottery than two of the most astute and creative minds in Australian advertising.

Jo, 46 (Allan Johnston of the nasal whine), tells the story about when he and Mo, 44 (Alan Morris of the wicked one-liners), started out in business together. Clients would ring and ask to speak to Alan. Which Alan? The short one. Which short one? The short, fat one. Which short, fat one? The short, fat one with the beard. Which short, fat one with a beard?

They like to think of themselves as being in the Norm mould, true ockers who enjoy nothing better than a tinnie in front of the game. In fact, Mo is not all that short, only slightly overweight beneath his trademark baggy shirts, and sports a trendy close-cropped ginger beard. Jo is genuinely tubby, with a leprechaun face and a pepper and salt beard. He is also genuinely short, even in the Cuban-heel boots he insists on wearing. They are just like the Odd Couple, these magnificently ordinary blokes, sitting across a table second-guessing each other and retelling old jokes. But they are also millionaires who employ 70 people, bill $70 million a year and have changed the face of Australian advertising.

Mo and Jo have a way of stripping away the bullshit. And when you have 30 seconds to get the job done, that's a pretty big plus.

•

Although his father was involved in advertising, Alan Morris didn't consider it a career option when he left school at 15. In fact he didn't consider anything a career option.

"The deal back then was you quit school and pissed off," he recalls. "As soon as I was old enough to drive I took off. I'd read a book by John Steinbeck called *Travels With Charlie*, in which he drives a battered old truck around the States, so I headed over there, got an old VW, stuck a couple of Aussie flags on it and drove all over America, plotting the places Steinbeck had mentioned."

Morris supported himself by working as a barman, but when he finally ran out of money in Toronto, Canada, he decided to look for more lucrative work. Advertising sprang to mind so he phoned a mate in Melbourne and had him send his work sample reel over. He then went to an agency and claimed that the work was his. They were sceptical, but they hired the young Morris as a messenger boy and later gave him a crack at copywriting. Inside two years he had proved himself as one of the city's better creative ad men, but he was homesick for Australia.

On his way home to Melbourne, Morris stopped off in Sydney and was offered a job with an agency which handled some interesting accounts, such as Berlei bras and Sunoroid sunglasses. He took the job and, not knowing anyone in Sydney, spent his Sundays lying in bed reading the *Sunday Mirror*, a particularly scurrilous scandal sheet which specialised in stories about the sexual misdeeds of priests and nuns. The community standing of his newly chosen career was made painfully clear to him when another wallflower sidled up to him at a party in Paddington.

"What do you do?" the fellow inquired.

"I'm in advertising," Morris replied.

"Oh good," said the man, "someone I can talk down to. I'm a journalist with the *Sunday Mirror*."

But what advertising may have lacked in status it more than made up for in financial reward. Morris's salary doubled, trebled and quadrupled before he moved to the big international agency, McCann Erickson, seeking to round out his experience. He lasted five days.

Morris recalls: "I was being paid a shitload of money so I expected them to want me to work for it, but I turned up on Monday and I had no typewriter, no paper, no pens. I asked the secretary if I could have some and she said the stationery was delivered on Thursdays. So I went down to the pub for three days. Then they gave me a typewriter that didn't have an 'e' on it, which was bloody boring because there are a lot of words with 'e' in 'em. I'd had enough. I quit on Friday and went to work for John Singleton."

•

Allan Johnston grew up in Adelaide, hating school and developing a deep and abiding affection for the work of Henry Lawson. All he wanted to do was quit school and go bush, which he did at 15, working first for an uncle who had a sheep station, then jackarooing all over the Outback. When he got back to the big smoke, rock'n'roll had arrived. Johnston thought Haley and Presley were pretty good but it was Buddy Holly who completely captured his imagination. He decided immediately he would be a songwriter.

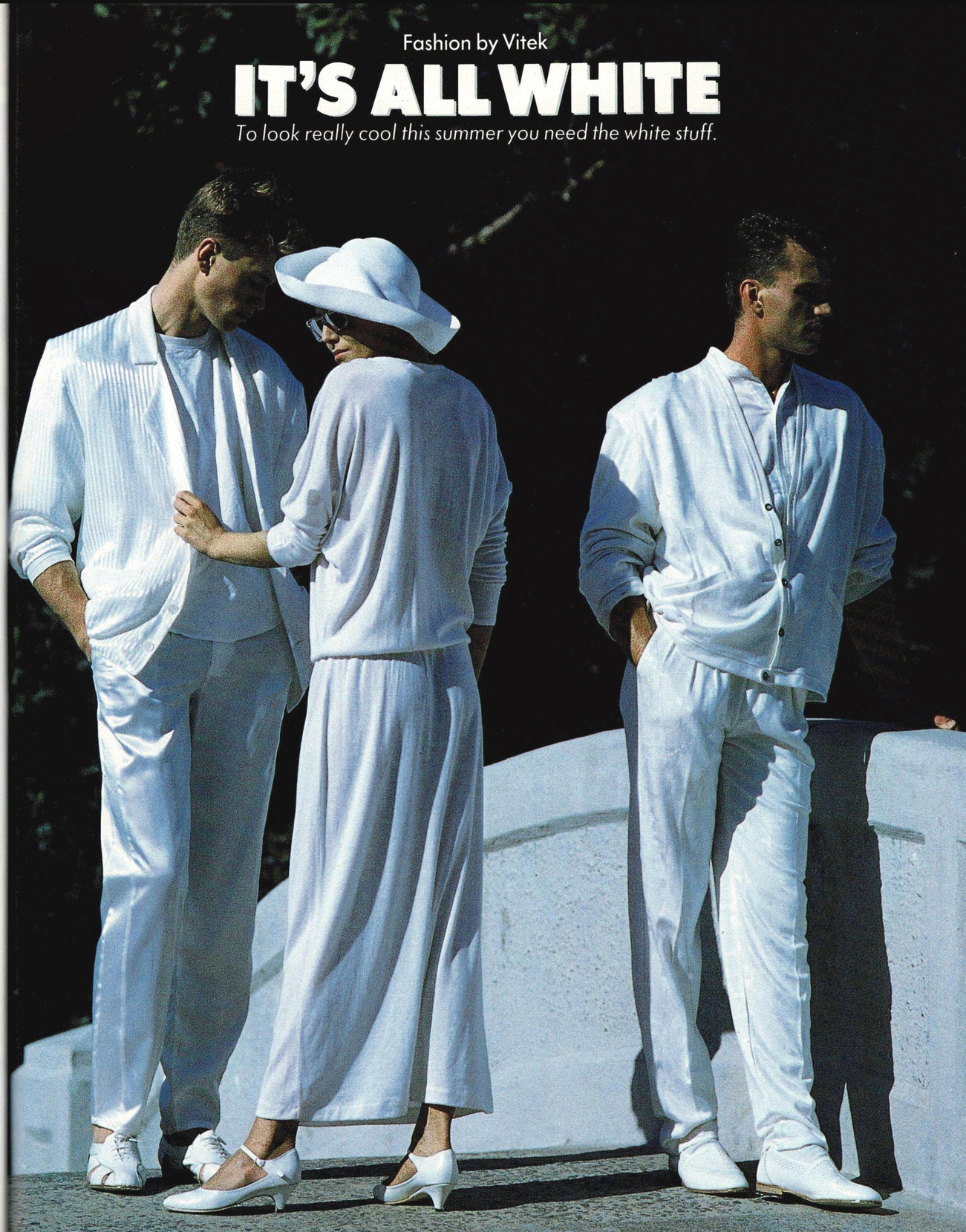
Says Johnston: "I couldn't sing, I had no musical background at all, but I had a lot of determination. I nicked out and bought a guitar and pretty soon I was playing in bands every night. By day I was a printer's

(continued on page 107)

Fashion by Vitek

IT'S ALL WHITE

To look really cool this summer you need the white stuff.



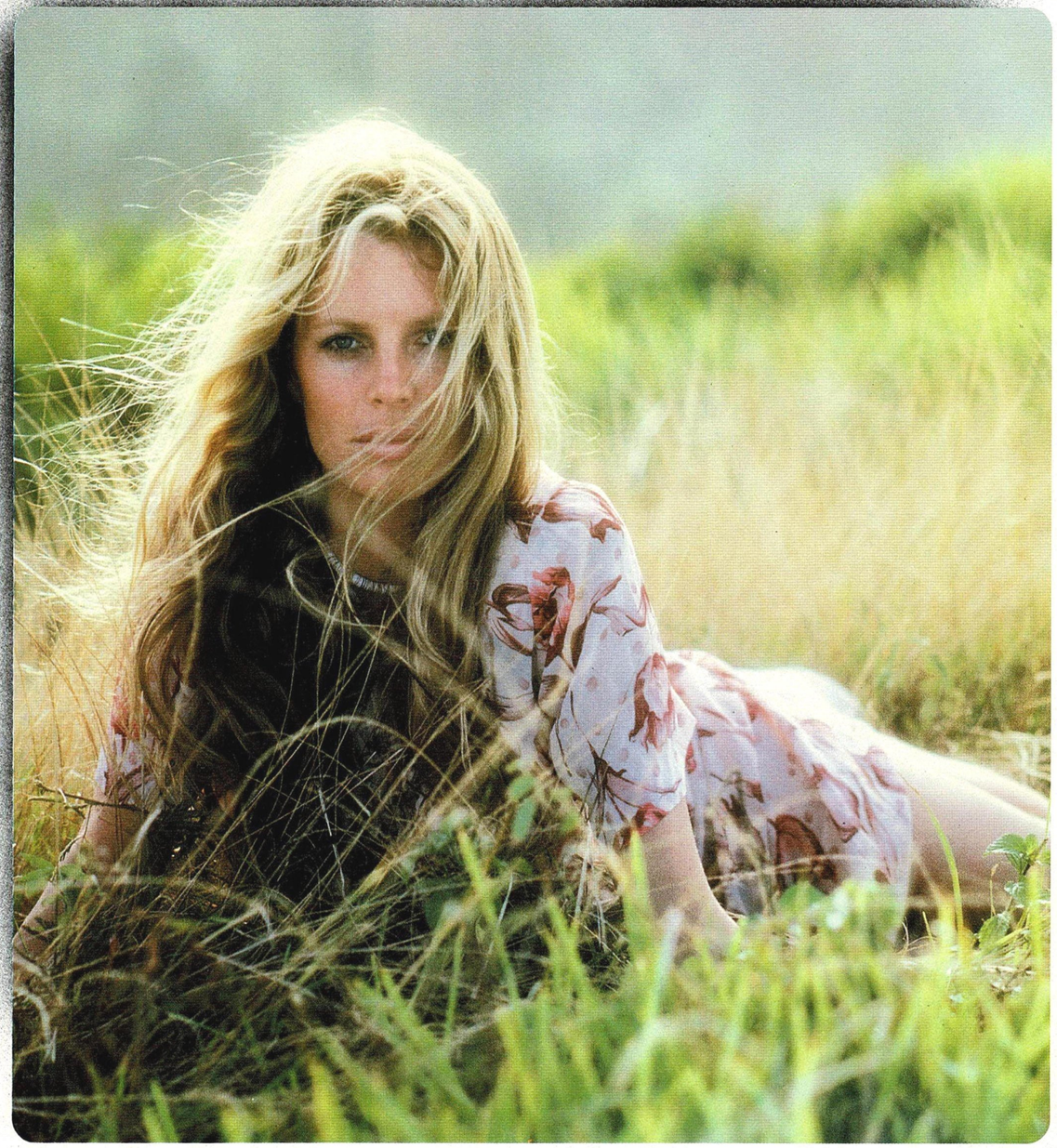
On the left, he wears a striped jacket ($210) by Balance, collarless shirt ($70) and pants ($120) by Joe Bananas. Her dress and hat are by Wendy Heather. On the right, his shirt ($90), jacket ($190) and pants ($72) are by Balance.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARTH BOYD

Collarless shirts are the look for casual summer elegance. Teamed with jacket ($180) and pants ($110) by Najee. Her dress and hat are by Wendy Heather.

Blouson jacket ($150), shirt ($60) and shorts ($42) all by Plot. Her dress is by Wendy Heather.

Opposite: On the left, his jacket ($160) is by Plot, shirt ($65) by Joe Bananas, and trousers ($125) by Najee. She is dressed by George Gross. On the right, he wears a jacket ($180), shirt ($75) and pants ($120) by Joe Bananas.
This page: His suit ($300) is by Tres Bon and shirt by Plot ($60). Her outfit is by Wendy Heather. All men's shoes by William Cook's. Her shoes all by Mr Christian. Shot in and around Mischa's Restaurant, Balmoral Beach, Sydney.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD FEGLEY

20 QUESTIONS: **KIM BASINGER**

Hollywood's latest sex symbol, the sultry star of 9½ Weeks, on great kisses, suspicious gifts and some rules for happiness in Tinseltown.

Kim Basinger is nobody's fool. Since abandoning a successful cover-girl career for a life in the movies, she has beaten the model-turned-actress syndrome with an eclectic body of work that includes such film roles as The Man Who Loved Women, The Natural, Never Say Never Again, 9½ Weeks and Fool For Love, with Sam Shepard. Since Basinger and PLAYBOY *writer* ***David Rensin*** *recently stayed in the same hotel, we asked him to go upstairs and take his tape recorder. Said Rensin: "Kim wore grey sweat pants, high-topped tennis shoes and a loose cotton shirt. She looked great. She moved constantly on the couch, doing stretches, burying her face in the cushions when she laughed, and kept the energy level high. I should have known. Just before we began, she flashed that unforgettable swollen-lipped smile and said, quite unexpectedly, 'Ask anything. I don't care what you ask me.' So I did."*

1.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were a fool for love? And what did it feel like?

BASINGER: [*Laughing*] This is terrible. The last time I was a fool for love was when I married him. [*Points to the bedroom, where her husband, Ron, is resting*] That's the last time I'll ever be a fool for love. But it feels great — fun and exciting. You have to be a little touched in the head to be a fool for love, crazed out of your mind. I'm very much that way, anyway. I don't want to put restraints on myself. I was born a fool [*laughs*]. Maybe I got it from my mother. She's a little touched.

2.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, you appeared with a little-known actor named Don Johnson in the mini-series *From Here To Eternity*. You and Johnson played lovers. What are his secrets? What's he have that other guys don't?

BASINGER: Pale pink shirts. My God, he looks beautiful on TV. But Don was always cute to me. *Miami Vice* has changed his image, but there was always something very pleasantly humorous about him, and he amused himself through the tough years, because he had this sense that it was just a matter of time. But that waiting can really be a bitch.

3.

PLAYBOY: How did you cope with the model-turned-actress syndrome?

BASINGER: I never wanted to be a model and never, never planned on it. But I was 17 when I moved to New York from Georgia, and I had to make some money. I discovered that I could make a pretty good living being a model. I figured it was better than being a waitress, because I was a scared little girl who didn't want to be walking around at night in the city. Several critics have since written unkind things about me because I am an attractive blonde girl who just happens to have blue eyes. It's like being told I can't be acccepted in their world because I'm not just plain-looking. They're not ready to give me a chance, and I think that's sick.

I have always wanted to be an actress. That's all I've ever cared about. I was so frustrated as a model that I was out of my mind. But I never went along with the "be a model, take a little acting class" routine. I knew what I wanted.

4.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used your celebrity to get something that you wanted?

BASINGER: Oh, sure. It would be bullshit if anybody said he didn't. I use it in little things all the time, like for getting into my favorite Italian restaurant. Of course, sometimes people don't know who I am and they say, "Hey, pal, go to hell."

When I first came to New York, I was here for the Miss Breck contest — that's what started off all this modelling stuff. And they gave each girl two wishes — things like whom would you most like to meet? Everyone said Martha Washington or Eleanor Roosevelt — somebody dead. It just didn't make any sense. So I called my daddy, and he suggested [*former*] Mayor Lindsay and Eileen Ford. I got both my wishes. I met Lindsay, and Eileen asked me to sign with her agency.

5.

PLAYBOY: How do you get along with your mirror?

BASINGER: I won't deal with a mirror. When you're making a movie, you're always brought a mirror right before doing a take. But people have been told to not even come near me with one. I get an anxiety attack. I say, "I don't care what's wrong with me. I don't care." It goes back to the modelling thing. I wasn't a good model. I was lucky to make money at it. I couldn't stare in the mirror and care about myself 24 hours a day. I felt like I was wearing gloves wrong side out.

6.

PLAYBOY: With which items of clothing do you have the best relationship?

BASINGER: My sports bra and sweat pants.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's the best acting advice you've heard lately?

BASINGER: It was something Glenda Jackson said about emoting in a scene: "When I have to cry, I think about my love life. And when I have to laugh, I think about my love life." One day, I'd like to play Glenda Jackson roles.

8.

PLAYBOY: What did you discover about yourself while doing the controversial film *9½ Weeks*?

BASINGER: That there wasn't a role I couldn't play. The film has been calmed down some from the book, so if you want to see S&M, whips and chains and everything, you really are going to be disappointed. But what we did shoot was very explicit psychologically and visually. The hardest part was mine — because I lived in turmoil inside and outside the movie for one solid year. It was the most depressed I've ever been and the most elated I've ever been. The role was like an exorcism for me. Some nights I'd go back to the hotel and sound like an idiot. But it was also very freeing. I could go home after doing a gruelling scene that I had dreaded so much that I didn't sleep well for a week beforehand, take a shower and just lie there, look at the ceiling and burst out laughing. And feel released. And feel that there wasn't anything I couldn't go with and do as an actress.

All those pains we went through to make *9½ Weeks* would, themselves, make a fascinating documentary, because we all took a chance: the director, Adrian Lyne; myself; Mickey Rourke. We all put ourselves on the line, on a very fine line. Everybody's relationships fell apart, went to hell. Even if you read the book, you can't imagine the real relationship between these people. It is erotic and intense and happy and sad and depressing — a psychological roller coaster. The woman I played was taken from one end of herself to another. It's a very scary thing to have someone discover who you are before *you* discover who you are — and then have him tell you about yourself before you are able to let it sink in. It's almost like watching a bus hit someone before it happens and then have it happen three seconds later. It's more than seeing the future. It's somebody else seeing your future.

9.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn about sex?

BASINGER: My brother told me in a swing one afternoon. I think I was in fifth grade. He told me all about having a period — and everything else. He loved to talk about sex all the time. He said, "Let me tell you what I found in the hall closet. You won't believe this." [*Laughs*] I said, "Oh, stop, you're kidding me." And he said, "When Momma comes out here to hang the clothes, I'm gonna show you something." And then out came this big purple box of sanitary napkins. [*Laughs*] I said, "Well, what are those?" And he said, "She wears these things." [*Laughs*] He said, "All girls do, all girls." What he didn't know was that I'd seen a lot more in life than he thought I'd seen.

10.

PLAYBOY: Let's play doctor. What emergency medical procedures do you know, and where did you learn them?

BASINGER: Absolutely none. Isn't that a shame? I saw a man the other night in a restaurant who I thought was going to choke to death. I started sweating. We were the only other couple there. This man's wife and boy looked like they couldn't have helped at all. So I thought, Jesus, what are we going to do? What if this man just dies? I got him some water.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the most surprising thing a doctor ever said to you in a checkup?

BASINGER: [*Laughing*] Oh, my God. When I was in the, uh. . . most vulnerable position, my urologist said, "Boy, were you mean to Roy Hobbs." Can you believe that? What a hell of a place to be when this guy is getting so involved in *The Natural*. I couldn't believe it.

12.

PLAYBOY: When you cook, what's your dinner-party specialty?

BASINGER: When I cook, it's such a joke that everyone says, "Why don't we just go to the Mexican restaurant?" If I had a specialty, it would be fettuccini made with red pepper and vodka. A guy at Orsini's restaurant taught me. The secret is putting the hot Italian peppers in the vodka and letting it all age for a month or two.

"I like to be kissed with caution. And passion. It's the sexiest part of the whole thing."

Basinger and Rourke: "In 9½ Weeks, we all put ourselves on the line."

13.

PLAYBOY: What leaves you breathless?

BASINGER: The outdoors. Christmas. Watching my animals. A field full of pumpkins. The first days of autumn. Sometimes it makes me crazy, like I'm zipped all the time, like I'm a fool. I dance around the pool and play with the dogs.

14.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you trust?

BASINGER: Very few people in life can really be trusted. That's unfortunate. I work in a strange business, and trust is a word not even in the vocabulary. I trust some members of my family, but that's about it.

15.

PLAYBOY: Where is location hell?

BASINGER: The Santa Fe desert at night and Buffalo, New York, in the winter. Everybody thinks Santa Fe at night must be warm and wonderful, but it was freezing. And pouring rain. And we'd chosen summer clothes to do *Fool For Love*. We also had a moth infestation: millions of bugs, like *The Birds*, would come down. We'd have to turn out the lights for two hours. I hate location. I like my house. I want to be with my animals. On location, I put pictures of my dogs all over the wall.

16.

PLAYBOY: Defend your *Hard Country* co-star, Jan-Michael Vincent.

BASINGER: Against the critics or against all the charges? [*Laughs*] I love him. People have called his style *macho*, but I think there is an incredibly sensitive — almost strangely sensitive — very misplaced human being underneath it all. He's always been popular, but in an unpopular way. He's always had crowds around, but his crowds have changed. First it was surfers, then cowboys. He was just all over the place. He had a great sense of life at one time. He was more silent, more stable, with his marriage and his child and even his meditation. But sometimes, instead of your getting caught up in it, it catches you by the neck. In Jan's case, that may be what happened. His career and everything grabbed him by the neck and pulled him into wrong things. The other night, I watched another news story about Jan's troubles, and it was unbelievable. How many times can they report on one case? He's not in the news for nothing, but it's for less than they're making it out to be. He didn't pull a gun on the world. He was a bad boy, but it's not everybody's concern.

17.

PLAYBOY: What was the last thing that made you so mad you broke it?

BASINGER: The kitchen cabinet. The handle comes off and the door sticks. So finally I grabbed the door and just ripped it right off with my bare hands. It would have been an easy little job to fix. But I just got crazy. [*Laughs*] I bent it backward so it popped off.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've kissed your share of leading men. What's your advice to future co-stars on the art of kissing?

BASINGER: Have clean, wonderful breath, needless to say. A mouth is so attractive if it's clean and wonderful. And don't slobber. That's sickening. I think a guy ought to develop his own style. If he doesn't know how, he ought to practise. There is absolutely an art to it. But very few people in the world really know how to kiss, and I'm not sure there are many people who really like it. That's the most important thing. You have to think it's as good as what's coming later.

I like to be kissed with caution. And passion. Kissing is almost more fun than anything else. It's the sexiest part of the whole thing. It's where you can pay the most attention. It's also the chanciest thing you can do. It takes guts to kiss somebody and to be a good kisser.

19.

PLAYBOY: What sort of present from a man makes you suspicious of his motives?

BASINGER: [*Laughing*] A surprise package. You get corny things. I get suspicious when it's a note hand-delivered by his chauffeur. Or roses. Roses are nice, but most of the time, the intentions are not real.

Actually I've never *really* had a present from a guy except in sixth class. I got a floppy-eared dog and I still have it right in my room. I got it from Charles Birch — and I think his intentions were very admirable. Come to think of it, I once got a pair of hanging legs from a man. It was half of a body, stuffed. A dust catcher. It made me wonder what his intentions were.

20.

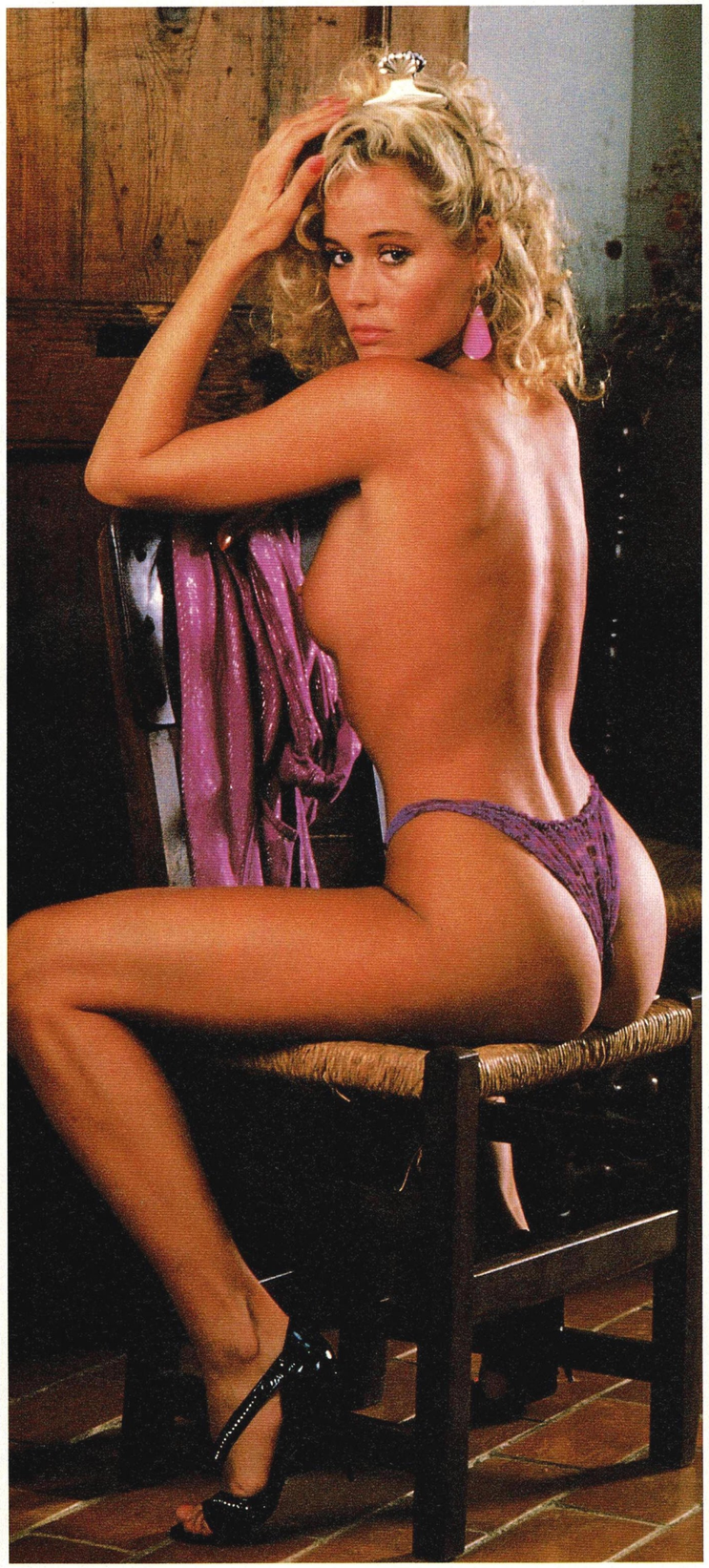
PLAYBOY: What are your three rules for happiness in Hollywood?

BASINGER: Be sincere with yourself. Find someone with whom you can laugh. And don't listen to any of the bullshit said or written about you.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

CLASS ACT

Look out, showbiz, gorgeous Renate Schafft is coming your way.



Lovely Renate Schafft hopes to carve a name for herself as an actress. "I think I may be off to a good start by posing for PLAYBOY," she smiles. "I believe I have got talent and I'm willing to work very hard." Renate admits that her sights are set pretty high. "I must earn my first million all by myself," she told us. "I don't want to be dependent on anyone or live my life through a man. I hope to find a husband who'll respect my development." Oh, Renate, with development like yours, your wish would be any man's command!

When she's not attending acting classes, Renate spends a lot of time playing tennis and lazing on the beach. "I like lying naked on the sand," she says. "No one is going to pay attention if I hide myself away. My body should be seen. . . I believe I have that certain something." Renate, we bet there's not one red-blooded Aussie man alive who'll disagree with that.

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF STOP PRESS PRODUCTION

The world's toughest off-road marathon comes Down Under.

MUD, SWEAT AND TEARS

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

THERE IS AN ominous line buried among the innocent list of recommended documents for participants in the Camel Trophy. It reads: "Passport. . . valid for a minimum of six months after expected date of return. . ."

The implication is clear: you *may* return on a stretcher, body racked with swamp fever or incapacitated with hideous injury, or perhaps in a wooden box with a salutatory note to the next-of-kin. Or maybe you won't return at all.

The emergency clauses do nothing to back-throttle palpitations. A doctor experienced in first aid travels on board the "caravan"; ground-to-air radio link with a scramble-ready standby aircraft is maintained, and insurance covers "loss of life, disability, sickness, rescue and third-party liability".

Finally, for those who thought the seventh annual Camel Trophy set down for Australia's steamy Far North might be a return to civilisation, there was a local disclaimer: BEACHES ARE OFF LIMITS. . . OCEAN

SWIMMING IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED DUE TO DEADLY POISONOUS JELLYFISH. SWIMMING IN RIVERS IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED DUE TO FRESHWATER CROCODILES.

And so the scene is set for the Camel Trophy, hailed as: "One of the last genuine adventures of our time."

This year, the "extreme" experience in off-roading was slated for Northern Australia. A 3200km challenge against the forces of nature commencing in Cooktown, north of Cairns, traversing the Cape's slimy jungles, plunging on across the Gulf Country's near-impassable croc-swamps, and on through the Northern Territory badlands and deserts to Darwin.

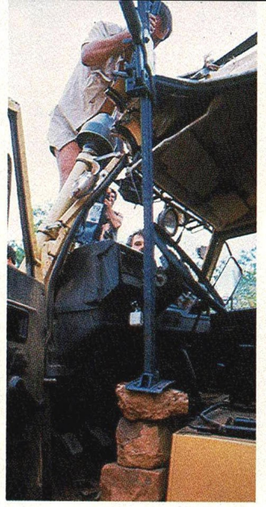
There is the promise of armpit-deep mud, and innumerable undriveable rivers, streams and tributaries that will enforce rafting and other exotic passage. There's the prospect of unfindable roads and barely defined tracks, the intimidating concept of a hostile desert of endless sand and gibber plains.

Timed for the end of the rainy season, there is the certainty that log bridges must be built, and sand-ladders, winches and digging equipment constantly employed. There is the implied threat that this country could get as inhospitable as Borneo where, in 1985, a bare 150km from the start, swollen rivers blocked the Camel Trophy path and forced a vehicle/crew airlift to the next stage. Or perhaps Brazil '84, where progress on a successful day was measured in metres, around 4000 being a good number. Then, the winches and shovels were hardly ever sheathed and progress was so painfully slow and enervating that crews were reportedly on the verge of collapse.

The reality that unfolded this year up north was somewhat different. Nature, always willing to display her perverse side, flipped the weather-chart and, instead of The Big Wet, laid on The Big Dry — the driest Wet for 20 years. Mind you, North Queensland's dry is not your Simpson Desert dry. There were still chin-deep rivers to thrust through, but the rafts that had been a top item on the shopping lists were never unpacked. And, instead of sinking to their armpits in alligator-infested swamps, the crews had to deal with endless days of choking dust, punctuated by steamy, sticky nights.

•

The Camel Trophy is arguably the world's most successful commercial publicity stunt. Conceived by a bunch of German adventurers in 1980, it first provided six young off-road enthusiasts with about 12 days of "sheer hell" traversing the course of "the world's longest road" — the Transamazonica, a pot-holed track down the Amazon. This samba-on-wheels, sponsored by Camel and conducted in a trio of Jeeps, set the world's imagination alight. Millions of people dialled into the event via the electronic media (the event was film recorded) and glossy magazines around the world were fascinated by this new adventure concept.



In 1981, the second Camel Trophy tackled the jungles of Sumatra, Indonesia's second largest island. Crew complement rose to 10, the associated hype built international interest to fever pitch, and the participants became modern day heroes of lost frontiers. At that stage, it was still a German-only event but a link had been forged with British Leyland who provided the vehicles. The bond endures today and only Range Rovers or Land Rovers are used.

By 1982, the Camel Trophy's massive publicity machine was working overtime. Sixteen competitors battled for a new point-score system based on skills and special tasks. In Zaire (mud v desert), there were 14 competitors from seven countries; in 1984 12 intrepid souls fought the Mud Battle of Brazil; then on to Borneo in 1985, when 32 drivers from eight countries battled the East Kalimantan mudholes, swamps and rivers. When they weren't swinging in nets beneath the bellies of super-airlift choppers, competitors were building log bridges, floating vehicles on rafts and inflatables, and winching their way out of hellholes.

Bring in 1986. . . Down Under. By this time, the Camel Trophy "circus" had grown alarmingly. There was one vehicle apiece for the two competitors from each of 14 countries, plus two press members from each country, and support teams including organisers, medical, film crew, engineers, doctors, PR people, scouts, and so on. All were accommodated in the participating

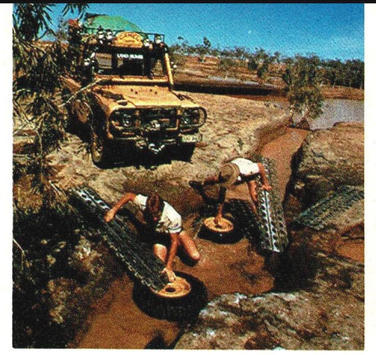
countries' vehicles (total three crew per car) plus another six vehicles (typically these were Land Rover 110s, with more accommodation space than the competitive Rover 90s).

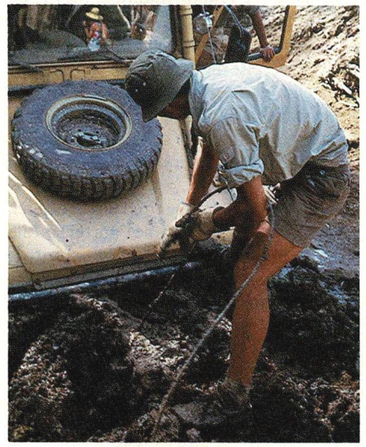
The event was surveyed over seven days, the locale then changing several times from exclusively North Queensland to a Cooktown-Darwin, trans-Gulf marathon over 3200km (the longest ever). For the first time, there was an Aussie team (also the first time a host nation fielded a team), mixing it with the French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Malaysian, Swiss, German, Canaries (sorry, Canary Islanders), British, Brazilians, Americans, Belgians and Japanese.

•

The Camel Trophy has always been summed up by one word — survival. The 1986 event was arduous, but it was hard to think of it in terms of survival and ultimate endurance when the rains had stayed away. But with the organisation cranked up, international teams ready for conquest, film crew on standby and scores of journos aboard, the show had to go on. And so it did. . . for more than 3000km on roads and tracks that should have been closed by floodwater.

It was highway robbery. The lack of mud holes and flooded creeks fleeced the event of its promised peril and removed any doubt about arrival at Darwin. It's hard to believe

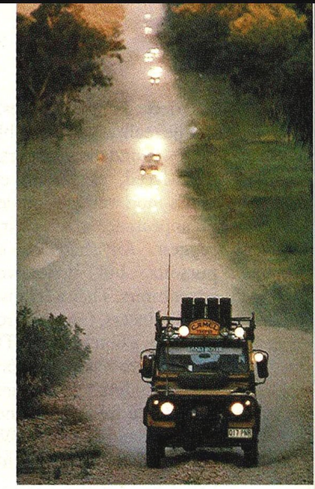




you're in the middle of the ultimate four-wheel-drive adventure when family groups in beat-up Holdens are using some of the same roads.

So the focus of the event settled on a series of special stages where the teams battled head-to-head for points.

Those special stages were the Camel Trophy's real challenge. Set and judged by a panel of off-roading experts, the tasks were typically short, very difficult courses involving river crossings, steep climbs and descents, sand hills, rock-hopping and



nasty obstacles. There was a night orientation course, with the prospect for those who failed of a miserable, if not dangerous, stint marooned in croc-infested country.

Half the special stages were timed events (anathema to the four-wheel-drive competitor). Tackling off-road tasks is one thing, but under the pressure of the stopwatch the risks are amplified. And that showed up during a tricky rock river-bed crossing in the Leichhardt River which was strewn with obstacles including a particularly nasty rock cleft a metre wide and more than two deep.

Because of the tyranny of the clock, most teams opted for a short bridge fashioned from the sand ladders bolted to the Land Rover roof racks. Getting them off, down, and secured, crossing them safely and remounting them proved too much, and these lethal devices were frequently sent flying. A combination of agility and good luck averted injury.

But there were casualties of the special stages. Japanese competitor Hidenobu Takeuchi took a shortcut in a combo river crossing/steep sandhill climb: the unexpected vertical drop on to the winch mount bent the vehicle chassis rails at the firewall, and alienated a former co-driver. This sort of "time saving" tactic eliminated the team spirit from many competitive crews, demolishing morale and reducing their chances in the competitive sections.

As a result, the French team, with few errors, forged ahead to score the most points at the end of the 12 special stages (792 from a possible 1200), ahead of Italy (783), Canary Islands (736), Switzerland (735), Holland (665), Japan (664), Australia (631), USA (621), UK (588), Spain (572), Germany (524), Brazil (483), Malaysia (481) and Belgium (431).

The Aussies did well, winning a special stage and scoring three second places, but four countries won two special stages and the winning French got two firsts, two thirds and consistent high placings elsewhere. Conversely, the Yanks, who took three stages, placed behind the Aussies.

•

Membership of the Camel Trophy Club is exclusive and each year it becomes

tougher to get in. Camel canvasses for starters by advertising for masochists to buy the ride of their lives, an anti-holiday, "two weeks of sheer hell". They are pulled in in droves. Last year 100,000 Germans, 60,000 Italians and 40,000 Brazilians filed applications. The odds of winning selection are a daunting 20,000:1. Only two drivers from each country can be admitted; this year, more than half a million forms deluged R.J. Reynolds offices around the world for just 28 driving places.

The credentials do not appear that tough on the surface. Drivers must be at least 21, and English must be spoken for uniform communication when the group travels together (a considered safety issue). Four-wheel-driving experience is vital. Professional background is irrelevant, except if you are a professional competitor (rally driver, enduro racer etc), in which case you're banned. Women are generally not welcome, although one did compete several years ago in Sumatra (unofficially that was regarded as a disaster). Usually, women don't apply. This one is not for the birds.

Overall, you get the impression from the PR blurb that the screening process will somehow scrounge an international entourage of Indiana Jones look-alikes, Rambo clones, ex-Vietnam vets or, at the very least, a macho-model type: ciggie-smoking, hair tousled, face stubbled,

and decked out in fatigues.

The reality is an assemblage of somewhat more mundane proportions. Generally fresh-faced, eager and enthusiastic, this year's mob were a good deal less contrived in appearance than their abilities would suggest. All shared a love of outdoor pursuits, but none were professional adventurers. They were divers, accountants, mountaineers, farmers, architects, soldiers, and even a hotel keeper. The common glint in their eyes was the prospect of a free trip to Oz (excluding the Aussies whose benefits included a free trip to the training school run by Land Rover in Wales). The other bonus, of course, is the inestimable joy of being able to drive someone else's four-wheel-drive to partial destruction — a sort of all-expenses-paid demolition derby drive!

The Aussies were typical of the serious sort of four-wheel-drive enthusiasts who signed on for the tour. Glenn Jones, 30, is a surveyor at Bathurst in the central west of NSW. Ron Begg, a farmer of his own patch of dirt at Bowraville near Coffs Harbour in Northern NSW, is an off-roaded steeps expert. While no musclemen, capable of diverting charging water buffalos, wrestling a croc to death or leaping a swollen river in a single bound, they both exhibited the sort of toughness necessary to maintain safety and sanity when coping with high heat and humidity, long hours of dusty driving, and the continual pressure of special stage scoring.

And the event was not without its challenge, intrigue, drama, danger and touch of scandal. One Land Rover, up to its eyebrows in brown flowing water, just started to disappear off downstream. On another occasion, a competitor had a head-on collision with the inside of the screen, sending it opaque and rendering him in need of medical attention. A replacement screen, rumored to be at hand, was not discovered until after the incumbent crew had spent another couple of days and hundreds of klicks navigating dangerous bush trails through the mist of shattered glass while wearing protective goggles against the risk of permanent eye damage inflicted by flying glass splinters.

There were numerous "offs" during the fast-timed sections, and innumerable close encounters with the passing shrubbery.

Generally a gregarious and uncomplaining lot, some of the competitors were a bit miffed about the varying level of supplies. Each team was supposed to bring its own food and had a strict weight limit. Some teams seemed to have been exempted from the weight clause and even canned food was in evidence.

Then there were rumors about the organisers who were said to be getting chardonnay and fresh lobster flown in daily while the crews sucked on tinnies and gulped bully beef, dry rations, and survival chocolate bars. . .

From left to right, 1986 Camel Trophy special stage winners Glenn Jones and Ron Begg from Australia, and overall winners Jacques Mambre and Michel Couvallet from France.

Patrick Lexcellent, the man behind the unreal monicker, has been Mr Camel Trophy for the past three years, and truly fits the international jet-set image that has been cast for men of the Camel mould.

Work-based in Geneva, he commutes weekly from his ski chalet home at Chamonix, the glamor resort stuck on the escarpment of Mont Blanc, so close to the Swiss-French-Italian border you need a passport in your pocket to ski the whole complex. When he's not at home with his long-time wife, Katy, who runs the distinguished La Cabane restaurant in Chamonix, he's zooming round the world looking for horrendous new Camel Trophy destinations. Since he also accompanies each mission, there are a couple of venues he no doubt wishes he hadn't found (Borneo for one). But the cheery, ebullient non-smoker, who has worked for R.J. Reynolds Deutschland for the past six years, has set the stamp of adventure on the event during his organisational tenure of the past few years.

He costs R.J. Reynolds the tidy sum of at least $350,000 in organisational costs, which in the tobacco industry could be considered paltry, especially when aligned against the publicity return.

Patrick lobbed on the ubiquitous Land Rover as the vehicle for the event: "It has the image of being the toughest," he says. It also can perform in the ruck. And of course it is well supported by British Leyland, which builds a special fleet of 16 vehicles just for the Camel Trophy. In the host country, the local distributor provides whatever additional survey/recce and support vehicles are required.

Graham ("Faz") Fazarkeley, the Land Rover engineer who prepares the vehicles and uses them as a tool for valuable research and development, has specified the Land Rover 90 model for the events of the past few years. The Rover 90 is a short wheelbase version of the Land Rover 110 (County) recently released in Australia. It has the old Land Rover style, but has had a heart transplant, and the wobbly legs have been replaced with new prostheses snitched from the famous Range Rover.

Faz specified the British-built 2.5 litre diesel engine (a gutless substitute for the Isuzu-built 3.9 litre donk found in Aussie 110s). However, Faz knows it backwards, or more importantly inside out and upside down, which is the way these engines often end up. He blandly states that a diesel is necessary "in any event where the vehicle is likely to turn over". And, having supplied the necessary equipment, the Dutch team obliged with a practical test in the '85 Borneo event, performing a multiple inversion manoeuvre for the full benefit of the film crews who were already set up at the danger site.

Diesels are also good underwater, which has been another feature of Camel Trophy driving technique, and although snorkels are fitted (those gadgets which poke up the front windscreen with a breather on the top), protracted underwater operation requires something more than just your average deep-breathing technique.

Faz points to useful developments from the Trophy — a massive alloy bashplate to protect the steering gear and a special roll-cage (part internal, part external), both of which items are now optional equipment for off-road lunatics practising outside the Camel Trophy.

•

Darwin, the end of the road. Fourteen grime-streaked Camel Trophy cars straggle and struggle in. Crews are hot and bothered, their clothes are dirt-bonded to their aching bodies, throats parched, starving for some brew. Their back-up crews, supports, journo teams and organisers are hard on their heels. It's a race for the Diamond Beach hotel, the showers, the bars, and a shot at the local birds.

In the great Trophy tradition, they're all still on their feet. Some a bit the worse for wear, some walking wounded, but walking anyway (despite the horrors, no one has ever been eliminated from a Camel Trophy). The vehicles are amazingly unscathed. Sure the panels have been kissed on obstacles here and there, but there are no *Smokey And The Bandit* write-offs.

As hot water gives the tired torsos a quick cut-and-polish and some northern ale revives the engine room, the spirit is revived. Suddenly there's the old end-of-event camaraderie, the low points forgotten, the high points emphasised, embellished and stretched from fact to fantasy.

Regardless of individual performance, of the point score outcome, and of the drama and debate en route, these are 28 souls who would not change places with anyone else on earth. They have all made it, they all have their simple trophy, and they all have their memories. All these men will be immortalised on film, and in folklore, for the Camel Trophy story will be told in hundreds of thousands of videos, magazines, newspapers, books and pamphlets.

And all at someone else's expense.

In the final washdown, the Camel Trophy isn't so much "hell on earth" as one hell of a way to spend a spare fortnight.

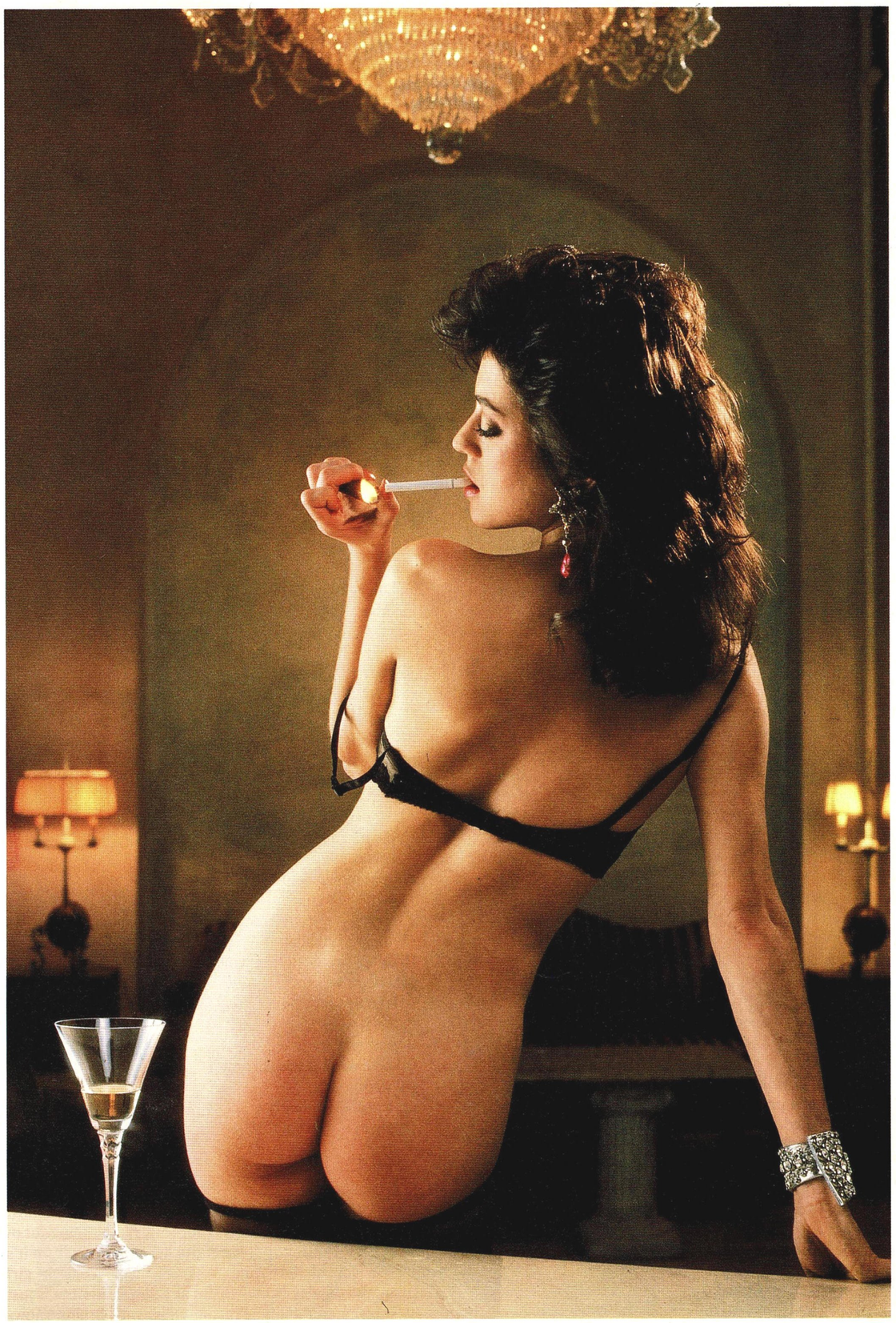
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND RICHARD FEGLEY

ALL ABOUT AVA

It takes a little extra to live up to a name like Ava.

The dynamic Ava Fabian was named for actress Ava Gardner, whom she resembles as much as Dad must have hoped she would. Mr Fabian obviously knew a cute girl when he saw one and encouraged his daughter into the glamorous world of modelling and then to her appearance in PLAYBOY. Thanks, Dad! "It won't stop here," laughs Ava. "I have a very good agent and you're going to be seeing me in the movies."

"I wouldn't force myself on anybody!" says Ava when we ask her about men. "But if I liked somebody and he was shy, I might become aggressive: loosen his tie, let him relax. I'd take some things off — slowly. Then, lights out. We'd still be at it 24 hours later!" Ava admits she's a bit of a ham and loved the photography sessions for her pictorial. "I felt *real* sexy," she admits. "Exposing myself in front of all those readers was an experience I'd been thinking about. I felt sexy and I wanted to share it." The verdict? Well, you tell us. We say, beautiful, talented and *real* sexy.



Taste Sensations

Use your head in bed and you'll bring a smile to her lips.

Sex by **CYNTHIA HEIMEL**

MOST MEN DO not like to be objects of derision at parties, even indirectly. And yet, friendly reader, I was at a very posh, very glittering, very yuppie party not long ago where the male of our species was verbally ground to bits under the stiletto heel of female ridicule.

I had a sprained foot and was therefore unable to remain pasted to my boyfriend's side — my usual posture at parties. I found myself, instead, surrounded on the soft sofa by a gaggle of independent females — rip-roaring, cocaine-snorting, scotch-swigging Amazons with tongues as precise as scalpels. The conversation, within mere seconds, was completely devoted to oral sex (some call it muff-diving; others, giving head) and how none of you can do it.

"I've had sex with about 50 men," said one sequined princess. "You know how many knew how to give head? Two. *Two*. It's pitiful."

"You're lucky," said a velvet-sheathed madonna. "I know only one man in the world who can really, truly muff-dive. And that's my husband. That's why I married him."

"Oh, really?" said a sabled sorceress, craning her neck. "Which one is he?"

"The fat one over there in the awful plaid suit and the bald spot," replied the madonna, "and if you so much as ask him the time, I'll put my finger in your eye."

The conversation got very detailed and heated, but I'm too much of a prude to go on. Suffice it to say that the girls are dissatisfied.

"What is giving head," I hear you ask, "besides simply placing the tongue between the legs and licking? What's the big deal?"

Take this simple quiz to test your oral-sex prowess:

1. *When I go to bed with a girl, the first thing I do is*
   (a) leap straight for her clitoris
   (b) put my tongue in her ear
   (c) kiss her
   (d) beg her forgiveness

2. *If the clitoris had an astrological sign, it would be*
   (a) Aries
   (b) Taurus, moon in Libra
   (c) Cancer
   (d) Capricorn

3. *When I'm giving head, my penis is*
   (a) rocklike
   (b) at half-mast
   (c) a wet noodle

4. *A reputable psychiatrist would say that the clitoris suffered from*
   (a) dementia praecox
   (b) manic depression
   (c) penis envy
   (d) paranoiac delusions

5. *I give my girlfriend head*
   (a) on her birthday
   (b) after two bottles of wine
   (c) once a week, definitely
   (d) twenty-four hours a day

6. *I think oral sex is*
   (a) nice work if you can get it
   (b) depressing
   (c) a poetic experience
   (d) filthy

ANSWERS

1.(c) That's right, a kiss. A good kiss can be the most exciting thing there is. Begging for forgiveness went out of style in 1921. Putting your tongue in her ear, especially if it's the first act of initiating loveplay, will make a girl despondent. It may be delightful at times, but often it just feels squishy and goofy. Plus, any girl with brains knows

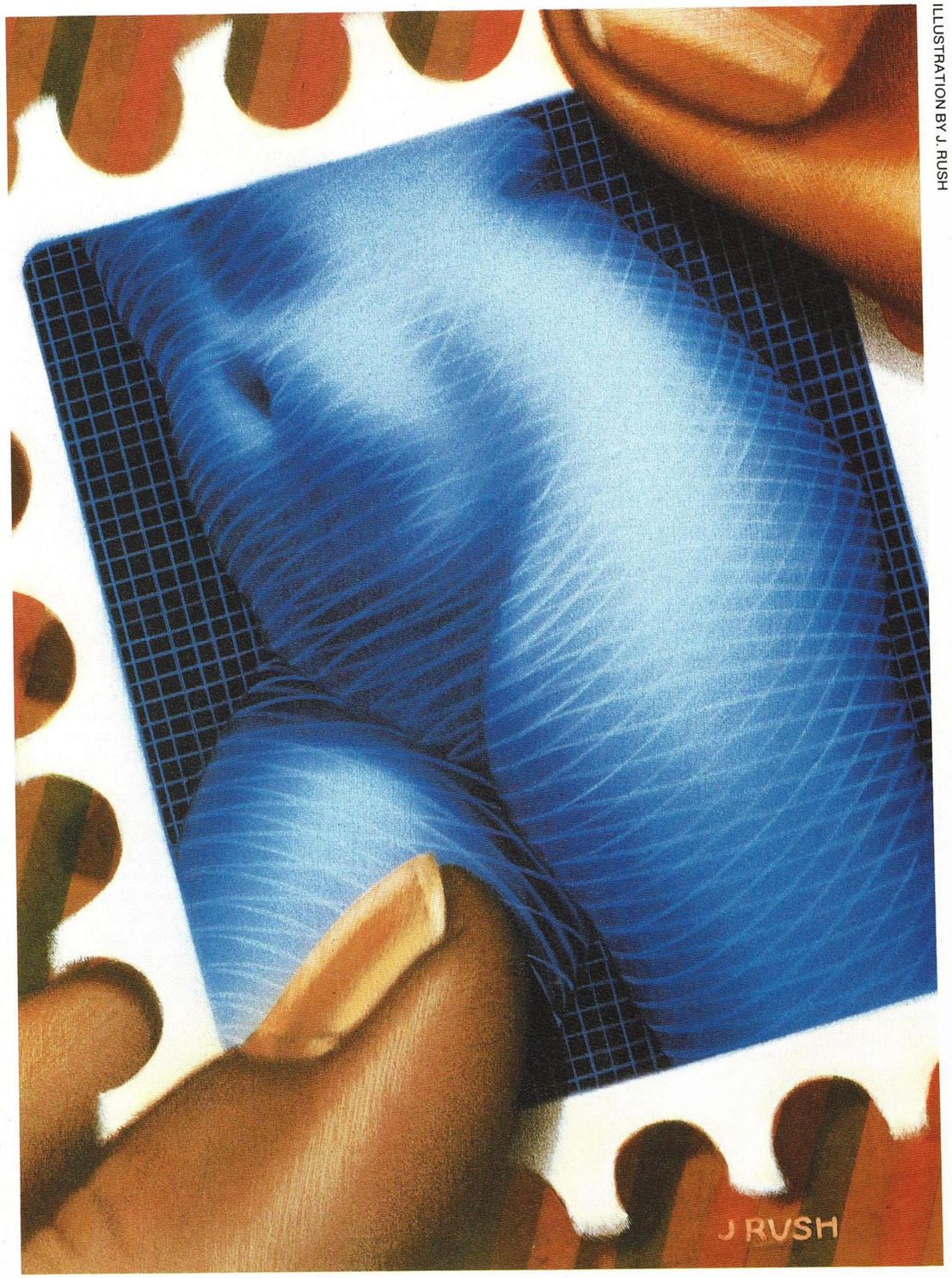


ILLUSTRATION BY J. RUSH

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FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chapelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
DEC '84	Roberta Vasquez	Viv Richards	Michael Edgley, Men's Rights
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job.
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MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls of Sydney
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the tongue-in-the-ear ploy is a 12-year-old boy's idea off what makes a girl "hot". But worst of all, of course, is leaping straight for the clitoris. The clitoris hates to be leaped at. It likes to get all warm and friendly and receptive first. In fact, its favorite moment to be touched is the precise moment when it is sure it will die if you don't. So wait awhile, tease it, hold back. *Then* put out.

2.(c) Everyone knows that the clitoris is a Cancer. What else could it be? The clitoris is hooded, and the hood draws back only when the clitoris is off its nut with excitement. The exposed pink, soft pearl is very tender and withdraws in confusion if you handle it roughly. When you're using the fingers, it is best to *surround* the clitoris rather than actually *touch* it. Which is why it likes the tongue so much. A tongue can be ever so soft and ever so rhythmic — swirly movements optional but preferred. Sucking gently and purposefully on the clitoris just as it's about to orgasm will make it yours forever.

3.(a) There is nothing more demoralising for a woman than having a man with a strong and proud erection suddenly become flaccid, or even semiflaccid, after a few minutes of giving head. Makes a girl feel like giving up sex forever.

4.(b) The clitoris is a classic manic-depressive. If you keep giving it what it craves — rhythmic yet ever quickening, assiduous stimulation — it will simply get more and more frantic until it reaches its insane peak of excitement. But if you stop in the middle or perform with a haphazard, halfhearted attitude, depression sets in and the clitoris becomes lethargic and fretful. Sometimes, other psychological disorders set in, but *never* penis envy. The penis, being a Capricorn, lets nothing deter it from its goal, can weather all sorts of adversity and likes a great deal of pressure and firmness. The clitoris wilts under such manoeuvres.

5.(d) Although that may be too much to hope for.

6.(a) In muff-diving, as in life, one must maintain the proper attitude. It is neither seemly nor pleasant to regard muff-diving as depressing and/or filthy, so if your lip curls with distaste at the very idea, consult a psychologist or a friendly priest for guidance. And no girl falls for the "poetic experience" crap. We all know about poetry. Poetry is stuff you're supposed to like but, secretly, you'd rather be fishing. The proper attitude — rampant enthusiasm — is the only prerequisite you need to become a skilled muff-diver.

SCORING

Score 10 points for each correct answer. Those of you with a score of 50 or more, please send your names, addresses and phone numbers to this magazine — my friends have needs.

JINGLE COMING ON *(continued from page 76)*

They helped flog Kerry Packer's World Series Cricket with Come On, Aussie, a jingle that became an anthem.

Mo (left) and Jo. The laughs keep coming.

clerk, a plumber's apprentice, a whole lot of things. Then Mum saw an ad in the paper for an assistant producer. Television had just started in Adelaide so this sounded like a pretty exciting thing to do. I got the job and it turned out to involve labelling film boxes in an advertising agency's projection room. The copywriters were just next door and I bugged the hell out of them until they let me write an ad. I still remember it: 'The Peugeot 403 deserves your attention.' Not the greatest ad I ever wrote but enough to get me launched."

Johnston progressed from one-liners to scripts for cooking shows to jingles. He had a talent for crude rhyme but his seniors were aghast every time he asked if he could sing his own jingles. Australian television was in its infancy and slavishly derivative of its British and American counterparts. The Michael Charlton BBC voice was considered appropriate for news-reading, while pop and game show hosts often affected American drawls. A voice as fair dinkum as Allan Johnston's was quite beyond the pale, yet his employers finally relented and let him perform a jingle he'd penned for the Menz Biscuit company. *Wherever you are, Menz Fruity Nut Bar. Each chocolate biteful, so delightful. Going on a picnic, driving in your car, better take along a Menz Fruity Nut Bar.*

It was no *Come On, Aussie* but Johnston's career went ahead by leaps and bounds anyway. He joined another Adelaide agency as television manager and began to spend time in Sydney producing TV commercials. When he put the feelers out for work he was pointed in the direction of a tiny outfit called Marketing and Advertising, who had just shaken up the Sydney advertising scene by successfully launching a new brand of cigarette with a campaign featuring a young fellow called Tony Barber wandering around Sydney whistling at everyone. The agency boss Jim Walpole (the outfit later became known as Hertz-Walpole) offered Johnston a position, so he went back to Adelaide and packed his possessions and young family into the battered Falcon and set off, a pile of housebricks supporting the broken driver's seat.

Johnston spent seven years with Walpole, establishing an award-winning style that was later to become the backbone of Mojo. His exhortation to "put Amoco in your machine" helped turn that petrol company around, but his biggest hit by far was the Winfield campaign which featured Paul Hogan in a dinner suit, a brilliant parody of the images presented by other cigarette brands. Allan Johnston was suddenly flavor of the month and he was approached by Alan Morris, who had risen to the dizzy heights of creative director at another agency. When it came to discussing terms of employment, Jo asked for more than Mo was getting, so no deal was struck. But he subsequently accepted a position with McCann Erickson.

Jo recalls: "I turned up on the Monday and asked for some pens and paper and they told me the stationery was delivered on Thursday. Then they gave me a typewriter with no fuckin' 'e' on it!"

The experience convinced him that the time was right to go freelance. Says Jo: "I had a couple of retainers so I knew we wouldn't starve,but I soon found out that working from home wasn't all it's cracked up to be. I'd sleep late, scratch me arse until about midday, then start to wonder what the guys were doing. More often than not I'd end up down the pub for a few beers and a game of pool. That's where I met Mo."

•

Morris had also gone freelance and, although his methods were a little more disciplined (he'd get up early and drive around the block to convince himself he was going to work), he also found working from home difficult. They decided to rent an office in Darlinghurst and split the rent and the tinnies.

Says Mo: "We had a fridge and a pot plant and we sat across a desk working on our separate accounts. We'd take the stuff with us if we went to the dunny in case the other bloke looked. But at the end of the first year we did our books and discovered that Jo had made $17 more than me, so we decided to just chuck in together. The day we opened for business under the name of Mojo a mate rang up to book a table for four. He reckoned it sounded like a Mexican restaurant."

The Mojo consultancy had humble beginnings — just Mo and Jo and a Mini-Moke with a leaky roof. They lost one account when the managing director called them to a meeting in the outer suburbs during a rainstorm. "You've got a bloody Jag that doesn't leak," he was told. "You come here."

The two men established a working pattern — 7.30am starts followed by long, emotional and highly creative lunches — and the campaigns began to roll off their pens. They both felt that the key to advertising Australian products was to reinforce the national pride that ran deep but often dormant in the veins of many Australians. When the Ten Network commissioned them to produce a product-ivity message, the pieces all fell into place. The jingle, *'Ave A Go, You Can Do It*, was attacked as jingoistic rubbish by some critics, but it touched a chord in the advertising industry. The Mojo phone ran hot and within a few months the lads had more work than they could handle.

They did a campaign for Tooheys beer which turned into a market leader almost overnight, and then they helped flog Kerry Packer's World Series Cricket with *Come On, Aussie,* a jingle that soon became an anthem. But it wasn't simply the catchiness of the jingles that set their work apart from other agencies. There was plenty of hype in the Mojo campaigns but there was also an irreverence with which Australians identified. At the same time that John Singleton was ramming "ocker advertising" down throats with grating slogans such as *Wheredoyagetit?*, the Mojo agency was gently massaging the national ego, and it was phenomenally successful.

Ironically, it was Singleton who convinced Mo and Jo that they should form a full advertising agency, rather than have their creative work sub-contracted to other agencies. Jo recalls: "We were thinking very seriously about this and we decided to seek Singo's opinion. He came over and said we were mad. Don't get involved with all the crap, he said. Let other people do it. We thanked him and saw him to the door, and you know the bastard walked out and climbed into a Rolls. We made our minds up on the spot."

They nominated a date to commence operations as an agency. It was a public holiday but there was at least one phone call. A former client rang and said: "Does this mean you'll have to go around and tell everyone to get unfucked?"

They didn't change much about their larrikin style but the agency was a success and was soon growing out of control and eating into cash flow money. It was suggested they sell to an international agency and, after much deliberation, a deal was struck with the multi-national Masius. It was to be a progressive buy-out, in which the bigger company would immediately

take up 15 percent and increase its holdings over a period of years. Mo described it to the advertising press as Masius buying "15 percent of nothing for an undisclosed sum".

But as the years went by and Mojo became firmly entrenched as the Australian agency that understood Australians, Mo and Jo had second thoughts about selling. They consulted their old mate Paul Hogan for a viewpoint from outside the industry. Hoges had been associated with Jo since his Winfield days and more recently had starred in the agency's American commercials for the Australian Tourist Commission. He said: "It's not being un-Australian, it's just business. If there's no other way out, do it." But there was another way out. Mo and Jo decided to buy back the farm. Masius wasn't keen but another deal was worked out. Says Mo: "We sold it for two bob and bought it back for four bob."

●

Lunch is just a memory but Mo and Jo decide on one more bottle of wine for the road. Jo is explaining the Mojo philosophy: "We take the view that everyone in this country is the same, at least anatomically. We've all got a head, a heart and an arsehole. If you've got something cheap to sell, you kick 'em in the arse with it. Five cents off and all that. If you've got something clever to sell, like a teflon-coated frypan, you aim for the head. Then there's the heart, which is where we aim most of our stuff."

Says Mo: "We very rarely give people reason to buy a product. We give them excuses. For example, the excuse for buying a Mercedes is safety, but the *reason* is that you want to wank off in public."

"The best jobs are the ones where you're selling something really good, like Australia," says Jo. "Our brief from the Australian Tourist Commission — sell Australia to the Yanks — was the best you could have. I mean we're best at selling stuff that appeals to us. We smoke, we drink and we love Australia, so we're good at selling those products."

They will need to be. The agency's latest client is the Australian Bicentennial Authority and Mo and Jo are faced with the rather daunting prospect of selling to Australia a birthday party which is widely seen as a bureaucratic can of worms and a taxpayer's burden. In addition to this they are faced with the massive task of changing TAA's colors, both literally and figuratively, to give the national airline a classy new image. These are big accounts, but they can wait. Right now Mo and Jo are washing down lunch. Another bottle?

Around 4pm the Cheech and Chong of Australian advertising stagger back to their palatial offices where they head straight for the fridge and crack open a case of Swan Draught, the beer they are flogging for Bondy via a rock'n'roll campaign featuring the big voice of Max Merritt. But the work of the afternoon involves the beer of a much older client, Tooheys. Mo and Jo thought up the *I feel like a Tooheys* campaign 10 years ago when they walked into a pub and a mate asked them, "How do you feel?" They felt like a beer of course, and that was the gist of the campaign that took Tooheys to the top in NSW and has kept it there.

Veteran musician Jimmy Sloggett is already settled at the table with his Casio metronome, sheet music and tinny. Jo takes a seat and pulls on the guitar that is never more than an arm's length from his work table. The problem is that the new jingle (about golfer Greg Norman) has run five seconds overtime and must be tightened. Sloggett speeds up the rhythm box and cues Jo. The familiar whine fills the room. It is a party voice, made for bawdy singalongs, and as soon as the work is done, the beers are replenished and Jo launches into a string of dirty ditties.

Mo finishes a marathon phone call — organising airline tickets to his hideaway condominium at Hamilton Island — and joins in. Sloggett taps out the time and the singing gets louder. Highly paid staffers dressed in jeans and boat shoes (the new uniform of advertising) wander in to join in the drinking and singing. It is for all the world like an Irish bar.

"It's bloody criminal to accept money for this," Jo confides in a break. "But we will," says Mo, "we will."

BOATS

(continued from page 56)

You've won the lottery and you want to buy a yacht to take you round the world in speed and luxury.

second, the winner finishing with a five-hour lead.

For those who don't want to race, the Prindle catamaran makes an excellent day sailer or, for the adventurous, an inshore cruising boat. All you need are a couple of sleeping bags, a tarp over the trampoline (or deck, if you prefer) and your favorite provisions. No galley, no engine, no head, no complicated electronics — just pure boat, fast and sturdy, with minimal costs in maintenance and service.

The Prindle 19 costs $11,000. Waiting time about two weeks. Check with catamaran dealers for more information.

DONZI CLASSIC 18

You can buy bigger, you can pay less, but Donzi quality, toughness and performance are hard to touch. The Classic 18 is stylistically comparable to early Corvettes and the MG lines from the '50s — in short, a beauty to look at and sheer pleasure at the wheel. The model we used was brand-new and hadn't been fully run in, but we got 55 knots, plus, with another 10 or so in reserve. Powered by a 350-Magnum MerCruiser with a deep V hull for stability in building seas, the Classic 18 gives you the trifecta of sport boat, ski boat and yacht tender.

The hull is laid up by hand; engine mounts and trim tabs are through bolted; standard equipment includes blower, aluminium fuel tanks, through-hull-exhaust, VDO instruments (same as in BMW, Mercedes-Benz and Rolls-Royce), tonneau cover, adjustable bucket seats and leather-stitched steering wheel from Momo, supplier to Ferrari, Porsche and Lotus.

Price available upon application from leading yacht brokers.

SCARAB 38 KV

This is the boat that Crockett and Tubbs drive in *Miami Vice*. Not a replica but the real thing straight from the set, complete with custom paint job that blends 38 colors to produce a high-gloss finish of turquoise, navy, green metal flake and lavender. It's a bit like Crockett's wardrobe, but louder.

This is not a boat for shy guys. It's a high-performance ocean-going beast, 9100 pounds of drop-dead design powered by a pair of 400-hp MerCruiser sterndrives.

At idle, it sounds like the wrath of God — top speed of around 60 knots. Standard layout below includes a V-berth double in a forward cabin and a main cabin with a huge velour couch, a tiled entry, a stereo with four speakers, a complete galley and head. On deck is heavy-duty stainless-steel hardware, plus a full-performance instrument panel, converting bolster seats for standing or sitting, two hatches in the forward deck and an aft bench seat. At cruising speed of around 40 knots, the twin Mercs burn about 135 litres an hour, which gives you about seven hours of running before it's time to refuel.

Be prepared to pay around $200,000 for this one. Minimum waiting time around three months. Check with a yacht broker for more details or contact Alan Jones Marine on (075) 39 3463.

H-28

The H stands for Herreshoff, one of the greatest names in the history of sailing-yacht design. The founding father was Nathaniel; L. Francis, his son, designed the H-28 in 1942. A man of fixed ideas about sailing, L. Francis knew exactly the kind of boat he wanted.

"I can, or think I can, design a cabin plan for H-28 for those who want to go where the water is clean, the trees green, the offshore breezes laden with ozone and where breathing, living and sailing are joys. . . a boat that can be quickly got under way for a sail on a summer evening, a boat that can ghost along in light breezes as well as stand up to anything she might get caught in." And he did, with the result that H-28s are found around the world, many of them built by the owners from the plans and instructions drawn up by the old man 44 years ago.

The dimensions of the Parkins H-28 pictured differ only slightly from those of the original, and it's rigged as a sloop (one mast) instead of a ketch (two masts). It's as snug and as inviting as its predecessors, and its joinery is probably even finer than the rough-and-ready finishes sometimes found in older models. The cabin floor (properly known as the sole) is thick teak, and the panels, doors and trim are mahogany, with lockers lined in aromatic cedar. Six heavy bronze portholes, a forward hatch and an after companionway provide ample light and ventilation; cast bronze is also used on rudder fittings and chain plates (those are the things that anchor the mast rigging to the hull) and in the through-hull plumbing. Nothing but the best materials go into these hand-built yachts, each of which is finished to the owner's specs. Full galley and head are standard, electronics are practical and rugged and the engine is an 18-hp Yanmar diesel that stores plenty of power for docking and manoeuvring and burns less than three litres an hour at maximum revs, giving around seven knots in ideal conditions.

Second-hand wooden H-28s are available from time to time for around $25,000. Fibreglass models are priced from $35,000. Check with yacht brokers for further details.

SWAN 43

You've won the lottery, you want to buy a yacht and you'd like one that's capable of taking you round the world in speed and luxury. If you knew what you were doing, you could choose a designer and a builder and specify your precise needs as to hull size, sails and type of rig, deck and interior fittings. Depending on your knowledge, you'd end up with either a fine custom-built one-off — which is what such boats are usually known as — or the kind of lawsuit that brings joy to the hearts of lawyers.

For those of us who don't know a naval architect from a building inspector, the alternative is simple, intelligent and inevitable: Buy a Swan. You can't do any better than that, certainly not in the production — as opposed to the one-off — boat business. Over the past 20 years, the Finnish company Nautor Swan has made a global name for itself, one that few production-boat builders have matched in modern times for performance, strength and quality in every inch of construction.

Stepping down the main companionway into the saloon of a Swan for the first time is rather like climbing into the back seat of a Rolls-Royce. It looks good, it smells good, it feels good. This is an interior that was put together by craftsmen, with meticulous attention to finish and detail, and not just crudely banged into shape by a gang with power tools. The saloon itself is huge, with seating for eight around a teak drop-leaf table and panels of hand-rubbed teak. All the wood, from stem to stern, has a soft satin finish that brings out the deep gold of teak's grain.

Forward of the saloon are a shower/head and the forward cabin, or fo'c'sle, with two folding berths and capacious stowage underneath for sails and other gear. At the after end of the saloon are a fully equipped galley and the navigation station, with chart table, control panel, instruments, gauges and communications. There's a second shower/head aft of the navigation station and, beyond that, the owner's stateroom, with double berth and settees on either side. Here, as throughout the boat, abundant light is provided by ports and hatches — and these, like everything else aboard, are built of strong and durable materials for long life and hard usage. In short, Swans combine two virtues that are rarely found together: elegance and rugged strength.

Available for $360,000 with some optional extras. Five months waiting time. Details from Peter Grace at Nautor Australia on (09) 322 4317.

MILLIONAIRE *(continued from page 50)*

A hush fell over the hall. This was the nub of the matter, the $49 fact: without credit you are nothing.

called Rick Davis. Now Rick had been motoring along in a nice neighborhood where houses fetched about $60,000 when he noticed a rather run-down place with a sign in the yard indicating that it was available for renting. He drove directly to what is known in America as the titles office and, cleverly multiplying the amount of stamp duty paid on the title, ascertained that the current owner had paid $18,000 for the house.

Davis, said Shamy, then approached the owner and offered him $18,000 for it. Even though the house was not for sale, and even though the tarted-up houses to either side were fetching $60,000, the owner countered with $27,000 and they eventually settled at $22,000. Davis then twisted the knife a little more, the vendor being all amped up to get rid of the dump. He asked for title now and payment in full in 90 days, offering to pay 25 percent interest over the period and securing the loan with a solicitor's agreement. The vendor agreed, of course.

Shamy paused while we swallowed the fact that a man who didn't want to sell was now prepared to give up title for no cash and no tangible security. People were nodding approvingly. Hey, hell of a guy, this Rick Davis. We were really learning something now. First, check hospital records for home owners who have recently been frontally lobotomised . . .

Now, said Shamy, good ole Rick Davis scampered off to a bank with his title and used it to secure a $5000 home improvement loan. In my experience five grand will get you a bucket of paint and a couple of nice rollers, but apparently not so in Suckersville, USA, because Rick Davis was able to perform a superb cosmetic renovation which brought his house into line with the others in the street in less than a month. By that time prospective tenants were bashing the door down trying to press $450 a month into his hot little hand and, once he had rented it, Davis was able to refinance on the guaranteed income. But, of course, he didn't just borrow what he had paid. Based on the new $60,000 valuation of the house he was able to borrow $45,000 on a mortgage which would be fully paid by the rental, leaving him $18,000 to invest in another property.

We gasped. You're probably gasping as you read this. Furthermore, I've saved you 49 bucks. Dave Shamy saw that he had us in the palm of his hand. It was time to ram richness down our slack jaws. He opened his wallet and showed us his string of credit cards. Every plastic known to western man, not one with a credit limit under $5000. But Shamy doesn't use them for consumer credit, hell no! He buys houses with them. He showed us a stub for a recent purchase and we seminarians applauded his audacity. Audacious nothing, said Shamy.

"You know what I'm most proud of?" he asked. We shook our heads. Sponsoring a third world foster child perhaps? Building an old people's home? "I just got a $100,000 loan on my signature alone. I'm prouder of that than I am of all my strata titles, condo conversions and cashback deals, because without credit you are nothing."

A hush fell over the hall. This was the nub of the matter, the $49 fact: without credit you are nothing.

There were some questions, mostly from the retirees, about unforeseen events like the roof falling in or the unavailability of tenants and so on, but these Shamy dismissed with the rather simplistic notion that negativity never made anyone rich. Only through positive thought could we attain the vast riches he had. This brought on a short lecture about the bountiful joys of the capitalist system. He had been to China and he had seen the wretched, miserable lives those people led. That made him proud to be called a capitalist. Blessed be the capitalist, Shamy said, his voice rising with emotion, because all employees wanted was less work for more benefits, and that was no attitude to carry through life.

I couldn't help notice that David F. Shamy was now shrieking in a voice at least two octaves higher than the one with which he had begun his modulated address. Furthermore, he had developed a pattern of leaving us dangling on each sentence, something that the others seemed to enjoy but which drove me crazy. "Whenever you see a vacant house," he shrieked, "you make an . . .?"

"Offer," someone called.

"Yessir, you make an offer," said Dave. "Hey, I love it. We're really learning something here today."

Shamy checked his watch. His two hours were nearly up. It was time to wind down and get on with the sales pitch for the books and tapes. Suddenly it seemed he had a vision of all the little headings in the newspaper ad, stuff such as "Reduce Your Tax Burden". He quickly rattled through half a dozen of the tried-and-true lurks such as income splitting, but without much enthusiasm. He brightened, however, as he reached the climax of the sermon, which was to the effect that, despite everything he had taught us, money wasn't everything.

"Look at Judy Garland, Freddy Prinze, John Belushi . . . They all had money, talent, fame and yet they all committed . . .?"

"Suicide!" we all screamed from the floor. We were getting into the swing of it now.

So, said Dave, we had to be happy and work out a formula for success through dreaming. If we didn't know how to dream there was a Shamy cassette available in the foyer, along with numerous other wealth aids which he glowingly described. It was time for a glass of iced water and a breath of fresh air, but Dave hadn't quite finished. He projected a snapshot of two young children and spoke to the proposition that money was worthless if it didn't bring you happiness.

"I have to say," he said, "that I'm prouder of my kids than I am of my credit rating. These here are two of our children; young Joshua died a cot death last April aged just four months." We squirmed. "I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable sharing this part of my life with you, but I feel it's important because it makes you realise that there are things in life so much more important than money." There was a heart-wrenching silence while Shamy, head bowed, slowly replaced the snapshot with a price list for the wealth aids.

"For just $548 you can have the whole kit and I'll refund your seminar fee," David F. Shamy shouted as we made for the exits.

During the break I walked to the bank and tried to get a Bankcard cash advance to see me through the weekend. They checked my credit limit and told me to go away.

"Without credit you are nothing," I murmured to myself as I wandered back to the Masonic Centre for more of the same from a different blue suit. Mind you, it hadn't been a great day for Shamy and his friends either, what with 500 empty seats for the afternoon show.

While another mustachioed gent told us about the delights of being a landlord, I made some calculations in the back of my How To Get Rich! notepad. Later, after I'd finished looking at Shamy through the magnifying glass, I confirmed my estimated costings. This is what I worked out: assuming attendances of 100 at each session and book and tape purchases by one in 10 seminarians, the Shamy team would have netted more than $32,000 in both Sydney and Melbourne, after deducting hall hire and advertising costs. Assuming they did half as well in each of the other four capitals they toured, they would have made a total of $96,000 less fares and accommodation in just 10 days.

Furthermore, if they had all stayed in the best hotels and travelled business class on Qantas ticketing, they would have gone back to Salt Lake City with a minimum before-tax profit of $45,000.

With that kind of money, who needs to buy houses?

WIN a trip for two to the America's Cup Challenge!
Details at all Paco Rabanne participating stockists.

CERTAIN NIGHTS EXCITE THE DAWN.
PACO RABANNE POUR HOMME

paco rabanne
PARIS

GUN FOR HIRE *(continued from page 40)*

Tenning recognised he was hooked on the adrenalin rush of "living on the edge in hostile space".

"They asked me to bring my own ammunition," he grins. He declined, of course.

Tenning once told his brother money was unimportant. He recognised he wasn't a candidate for a nine-to-five job and that he was hooked on the adrenalin rush of "living on the edge in hostile space".

His brother says Bill couldn't spend his life flying tourists around Ayers Rock. "Bill wants to fly with people who rely upon his skill and guts and who recognise every ounce of value he gives in his Fox."

The majority of mercenaries seem to pursue the same kind of adrenalin rush and challenge that Wendell and Tenning demand. The consensus is that money is of no use when on active service and most mercenaries send it home to a bank account. It is for retirement. . . if they make it through alive.

•

The recruitment of mercenaries mostly occurs by word of mouth between those who have served on past battle-fields. Sometimes it is more blatant.

A diplomatic row broke out in March this year when our federal government chastised the Libyan Peoples' Bureau in Canberra, which acts as the Libyan Embassy in Australia, for trying to recruit Australians to join the Libyan armed forces. The Peoples' Bureau had released a statement calling for "pilots, mariners and technicians to join the Libyan armed forces to fight against imperialism, Zionism, racism and US aggression".

The then Acting Foreign Affairs Minister, Senator Gareth Evans, told the Libyans the press release breached the Crimes Act (Foreign Incursions and Recruitment) 1978. Usually such a breach would incur a $10,000 fine, but since the Peoples' Bureau enjoys diplomatic immunity, it was deemed inappropriate to pursue the penalty. Senator Evans told the Secretary of the bureau, Shaban Gashut, that more serious action would be considered if the incident was repeated. Gashut replied he was unaware the press release was illegal.

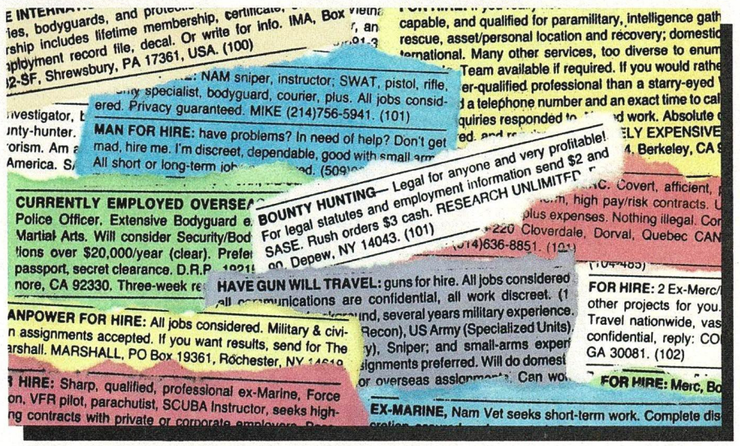
However, it is understood the appeal achieved some success and that a number of Australians had made contact with the bureau to offer their services. One Vietnam veteran who did so was told his experience in the signals corps would be invaluable to the Libyan armed forces and it was implied his fares to Libya would be paid and that his service would also be required outside Libya.

But mercenaries who missed the Libyan opportunity needn't despair.

Soldier Of Fortune, an American magazine circulating in Australia, carries not only details of mercenary exploits, but pages of classified advertisements seeking mercenaries to serve in various corners of the world.

The magazine has attracted the attention of the Australian Parliament, and following complaints aired by a member, the Attorney-General is considering a call to ban its distribution. Last year he took action to have it classified for restricted distribution (not to be sold to minors and to be presented in plastic covering). The publication is banned in Queensland and SA.

The federal member for Hughes, Robert Tickner, alleged that professional killers had been recruited through the magazine. He pointed out that classified advertisements had been placed by people offering


capable, and qualified for paramilitary, intelligence gath
rescue, asset/personal location and recovery; domestic
MAN FOR HIRE: have problems? In need of help? Don't get
BOUNTY HUNTING— Legal for anyone and very profitable!
For legal statutes and employment information send $2 and
SASE. Rush orders $3 cash. RESEARCH UNLIMITED
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Soldier Of Fortune carries classified ads from ready, willing and able mercenaries.

their services "to kill for a price". Another ad read: "Top risk action group, for hire by individuals, organisations and governments. Rescue, property recovery or just plain getting even. Outside US only. No reds as sponsors."

Soldier Of Fortune has established a "defence fund" providing military equipment, field gear and medical supplies for El Salvador and Nicaragua. Recent issues have alerted would-be mercenaries to opportunities in the Sultanate of Oman, Burma, Honduras, Sudan, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Libya, Afghanistan and Ethiopia.

A recent news report, however, claims *Soldier Of Fortune* will cease taking classified advertising for mercenaries following the arrest in the USA of nine armed men who had allegedly been contacted through the magazine for the purpose of storming a courtroom to free a prisoner serving a life sentence who was being tried for killing another prisoner. The report indicated one of the recruits was an undercover police officer.

•

While many mercenaries are restricted to foot-slogging with antiquated and dangerous weaponry, others are more fortunate. The new technological weapons used by many mercenaries and insurgents are far more effective and deadly than some of the equipment used by modern armies. Although the import of such weapons into Australia is illegal, causing most mercenaries to cache their arms overseas, at least one sub-machine-gun (SMG) has been in and out of Australia with its owner. The model 7 GM/11 breaks down into 40 pieces that conceal the fact they are from an extremely small, lightweight (1.5kg) SMG, boasting a rapid cyclic rate (over 1200 rpm) that can only be fired in five to six round bursts.

Mercenary Kevin Wendell saves his sense of wonderment for something called the Super Blooper. "If necessity is the mother of invention, then the Super Blooper is a fiesty little offspring," he grins, offering a photo of himself with what looks like a miniature cannon slung around his wrist. Developed for use in South Africa, where a form of arms embargo applies, the Blooper is a brand new 40mm Six-Pack which threatens to change the face of soldiering. At 7kg (loaded with six grenades), the Blooper will replace the US-made M79 launcher which fires only one grenade at a time.

Wendell expects to spend most of 1986 in Oman training and advising the Sultan's own troops. Sultan Qaboos bin Said has been ostracised by the Islamic Revolution movement because he has been linked with the West. Wendell says that as well as training and commanding the Omani troops, he will be engaged in battle with some insurgents allegedly backed by Iran and Libya. And, says Wendell, there is a threat in the South from communist insurgents backed with amazing impartiality by Peking and Moscow.

Wendell will be paid around $40,000 tax free but is at pains to point out he could join the list of dead or seriously hurt. He was wounded in a previous assignment in Israel but he brushes the incident aside.

"The Omanis have mostly antiquated weapons, including some 25-pounder (10kg) cannons made in Britain, and they are a rather ill-equipped and disorganised army," he explains. In addition to trying to purchase the Super Blooper, Wendell has a long shopping list. He admits funds are short and it's only possible to purchase small quantities, if indeed he can procure any at all. The most difficult task for many armies is buying weaponry and ammunition.

"It seems absurd but some governments will justify illegal arms sales by claiming they are not selling the complete weaponry," Wendell observes. "If they sell us ammunition and no weapons, or weapons without ammunition, technically they don't record the sale."

At least three Australians are presently in Africa, serving in the South African Defence Force (SADF) raiding African National Congress (ANC) guerrilla camps in Botswana. It is widely recognised that the SADF forces are among the best trained and equipped in the world. The ANC has claimed that the American CIA is working with SADF forces following successful raids against them by the SADF crack commando group. SADF members are skilled in driving tanks, using a variety of weapons, flying aircraft and crawling through miles of swampland.

The best known destination for mercenaries remains the French Foreign Legion. Reports indicate there are Australian members of the Legion, but few details are known of the background of any legionnaires.

South Australian Les Montgomery has been a legionnaire for eight years and has seen several overseas postings. He describes the Legion as perhaps the biggest group of misfits, criminals, refugees, anonymous aristocrats and loners ever gathered together in one uniform. "Despite that," he relates, "the Legion is a ferocious fighting force with a devotion to duty and honor unsurpassed in military history."

Montgomery left Australia in the midst of a marriage break-up and some financial problems, drifted into the *Legion Etrangere* and has never left it. The real names and backgrounds of legionnaires remain a mystery and some fellow legionnaires have never spoken more than a few words to him in their years together.

The Legion was formed in 1831 and, although subjected to more myths than any other fighting force, it boasts a well-deserved fighting record from the monsoon-plagued jungles of Asia to the deserts of North Africa. Montgomery says he signed on for an initial five-year term and then for a second five-year term. He thinks he will sign for a third stint.

"After 10 years in the Legion I can become a French citizen," he says. He hasn't decided if he will take up the option. It depends, he says, on the determination of his creditors. Montgomery's unit, the 2nd Regiment, is a well-trained force of 8000 paratroopers. He admits the regimen almost killed him at first with a range of daily training that is designed to ensure the Legion can be swept into action anywhere in the world at short notice. Montgomery had only been a legionnaire for a few weeks when he was flown out to southern Zaire to fight Katangan rebels.

"The French are somewhat nonplussed that a group of mostly foreigners are willing to fight and die for France but they demonstrate their gratitude by reserving the loudest cheers and applause for the Legion on Bastille Day parades," Montgomery explains. He adds that French girls can always be found wherever the legionnaires are at play and that they have a special way of showing their appreciation.

Every summer, unattached women, particularly the French, wend their way to Calvi, on the island of Corsica off the French southern coast, in order to share the magic and the men of the Second Regiment of Legionnaires. "The girls can be likened to 'groupies' and they seem besotted by the mystique that surrounds the Legion," says Montgomery.

Mercenaries have existed throughout history. And they are destined to remain with us as long as there are wars to fight, ideologies to uphold, communists to repel, money to be earned and, of course, people left to kill.

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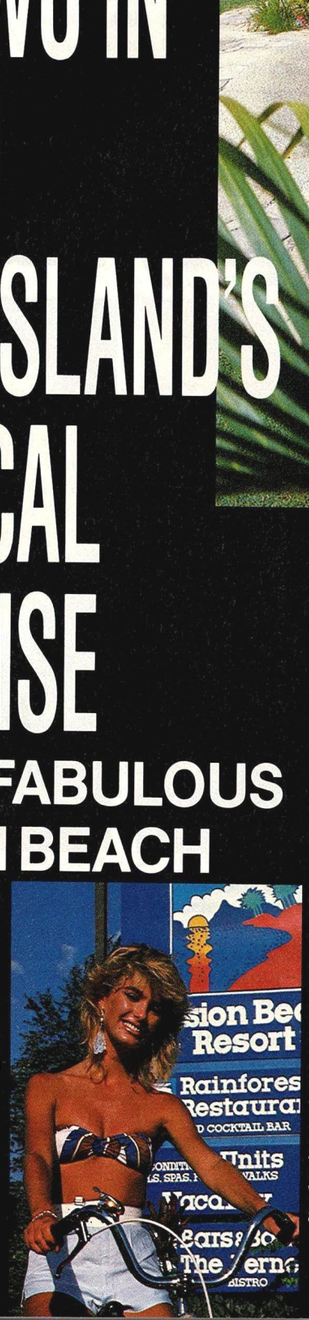

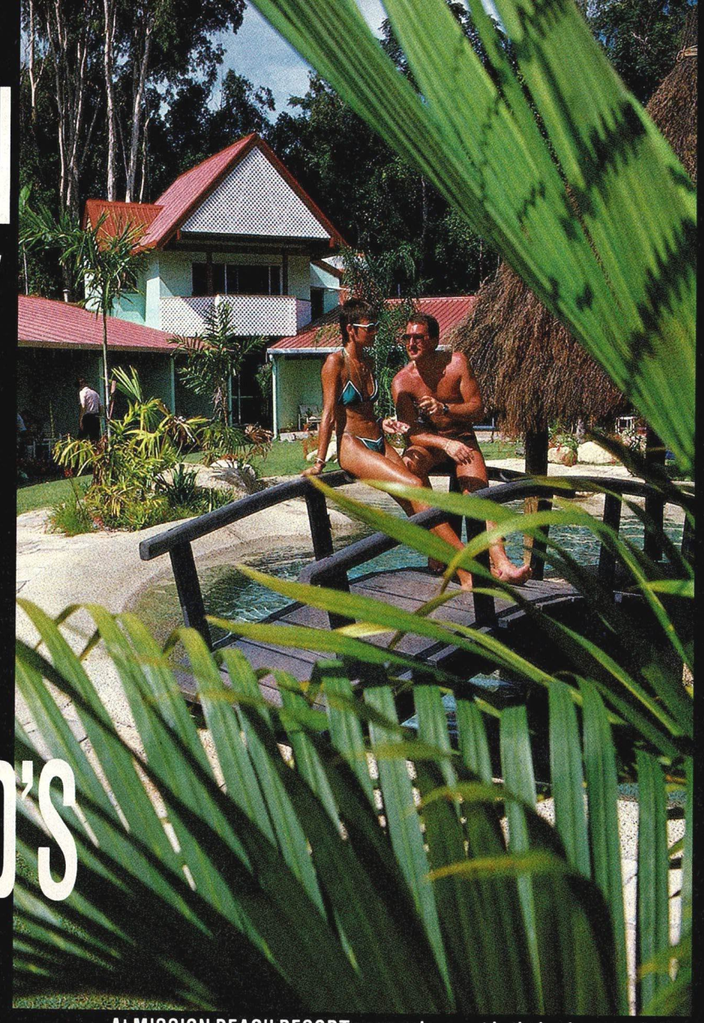

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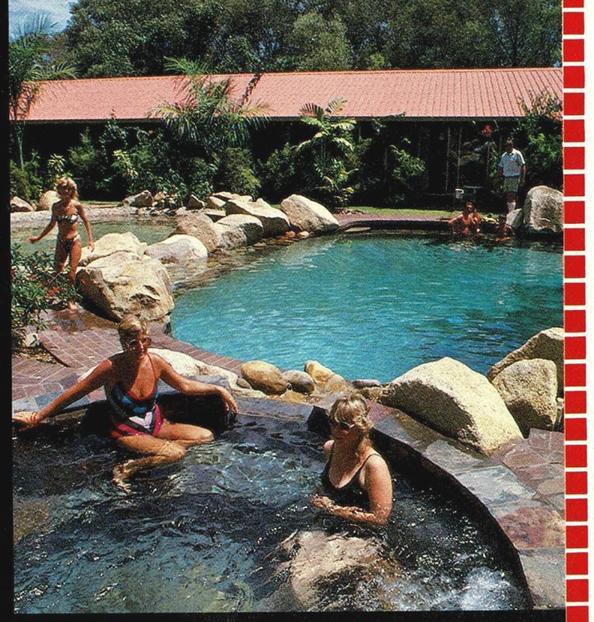

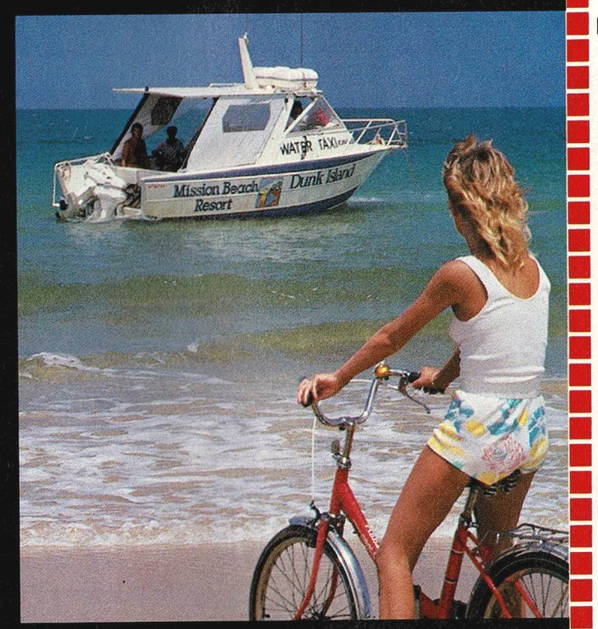

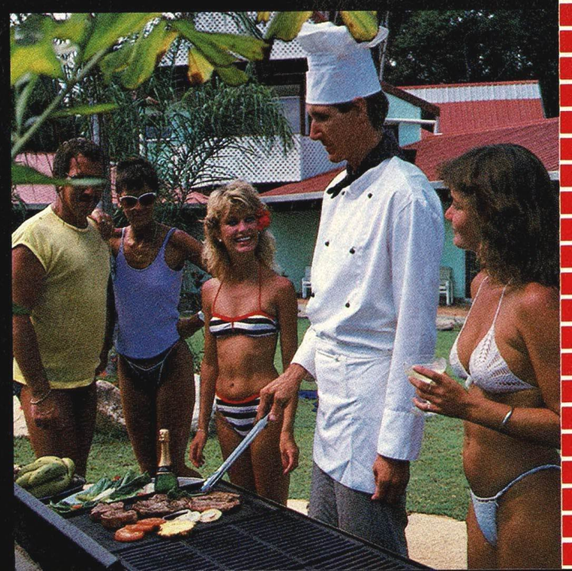

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2. How many kilometres of living coral does the Great Barrier Reef have?

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1. Entry is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, excepting employees of Australian PLAYBOY and its associated companies, employees of Mission Beach Resort and Ansett Airlines of Australia.
2. All entries must be on the official entry form or a facsimile of that form. Enter as often as you wish but, please, only one entry per envelope.
3. Chance plays no part in determining the winner. All entries will be opened and judged on correctness and artistic merit by a competent judging panel. The judges' decision is final and no discussions or correspondence will be entered into.
4. The prize is not transferable and neither is it redeemable for cash.
5. Description of the contest and instructions on how to enter (as set out in the coupon) form part of the contest conditions. All entries and copyright in the entries become the property of Australian PLAYBOY.
6. The prize consists of two return economy airfares flying Ansett from the winning entrant's closest metropolitan airport to Townsville, return air transfers from Townsville to Mission Beach, seven nights accommodation at Mission Beach Resort including breakfast and dinner, plus a complimentary sightseeing trip to the Great Barrier Reef.
7. Meals supplied by Mission Beach Resort refer to food only. The cost of all beverages, alcoholic or otherwise, are the responsibility of the winning entrant.
8. The winning entrant will be subject to the normal booking conditions of Mission Beach Resort and Ansett Airlines of Australia. This prize must be taken up prior to 30th June, 1987.
9. The winning entrant shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his or her winning entry in person, and allow the promoters to use his or her name and photographic likeness and, further, make such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.
10. All entries must be received at the offices of Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 by 30th September, 1986. The winning entrant will be notified by mail and the results published in Australian PLAYBOY at a later date.
11. The promoters of this contest are Australian PLAYBOY, Mission Beach Resort and Ansett Airlines of Australia.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

Recently I read the Australian PLAYBOY editorial on AIDS (March 1986) and I would like to share my experiences. I am a 24-year-old shy guy who came in contact with the AIDS virus through a blood transfusion. At present my status is "antibody positive", and while I am aware the chances of my developing the full syndrome are slim, it is a big worry to me and my sexuality.

I am a fairly quiet guy and I have never been confident about sex. I guess I am an old-fashioned type who likes to get to know someone first and gradually build up to making love. Over the years I have gained some confidence with each friendship I have had with women, even though they have been brief at times. Now that I have come so close to overcoming my fears and doubts about my performance with sex, along comes AIDS and I find I am back to square one.

I am scared of spreading the virus to someone with whom I have taken some time to build up a relationship. I have been educated in safe sexual practices, especially in using condoms, but that fear, coupled with my other doubts, is constantly there.

It is so hard trying to go out and meet women with the media creating so much panic and hysteria over the issue. The methods and means by which it has been reported make me feel dirty and like a leper. I get angry as I am a victim of something that has been beyond my control; I tend to withdraw and isolate myself.

It is so unfair, as all I want to do is experience the joys of sex like everyone else and I seem to be further away from that goal. After all my previous disappointments, I just don't want to go through any more hurt and pain, let alone be stigmatised as a modern leper. My trusted friends tell me not to worry and that I am sensible, caring and open in my attitudes to sex and AIDS. Unfortunately they do not feel the frustrations and pressures I do.

— N.H., NSW.

I am very glad to have the opportunity to publish your letter to allow other readers to see how much unnecessary distress is caused to blameless victims of AIDS by the hysteria and distortion which surrounds the disease. I am sure everyone reading your letter will share the compassion I feel for you in your situation. It is a tragedy that such a nice, sensitive young man should lose this newly acquired confidence through falling victim to this frightening disease. It is very natural that you are fearful of the reaction of future partners to the news that you are antibody-positive, particularly as it is often wrongly assumed this means you will develop the full syndrome and are highly contagious.

As you know, there are precautions you can take which minimise any chance of infecting a partner and there are many relationships where one partner is antibody-positive and the other shows no sign of contracting the disease. I feel you desperately need to talk to someone who has counselled people in similar situations. Contact the Sydney Sexually Transmitted Diseases Clinic on (02) 223 1771 and ask to speak to the AIDS counsellor. You should use the counsellor for ongoing support to help you regain the courage to establish new relationships and deal with the effects of your AIDS status on that relationship. Don't try to go it alone. There are many

people, including your friends, who feel strongly for you and want to do everything they can to help you find someone who can cope with your situation. Take heart from the fact that other men in your circumstances have found women willing to share the extremely small risk associated with such a relationship.

As a fairly highly rated power lifter, I find that as my body grows, especially my thighs, my penis looks smaller. I was wondering if there is any product on the market I could buy or any special exercise I could do to enlarge my penis in length and width and, if so, how long would it take and how much bigger it would become. My penis was not very large to begin with but now it looks even smaller. I know it's not the size of the penis but the way that it is used, but there is a certain degree of pride involved.

— T.D., Qld.

I'm sure your tiny problem is simply a question of perspective — the bigger everything else grows, the smaller the penis looks by comparison. There are various enlargement gadgets sold in sex shops but I could not recommend them because there is no real evidence they make any difference to penis size. They are very expensive and can be dangerous unless used strictly according to the instructions (I have received letters from males claiming they do work but also many who were angry they had wasted money, time and energy on something so useless).

You may like to try experimenting with exercises to strengthen your pelvic muscles, particularly the muscles at the base of your penis. The next time you go to the toilet, try stopping and starting the flow of urine. When you do this you'll feel muscles at the base of the penis contracting. Then you practise contracting and relaxing these muscles — tighten, hold for a few seconds and then let go. Do this five times (or until you feel tired) and repeat the exercise at least five times a day. Also practise "fluttering" the muscles, contracting and relaxing as quickly as you can. Such exercises increase the strength of vital pelvic muscles which are believed to help control ejaculation and increase the blood flow in the pelvic area. The book *Any Man Can* by Dr William Hartman & Marilyn Fithian (Angus & Robertson, 1984) quotes males who claim the penis grew when they started doing pelvic exercises. It is conceivable increased blood flow could help a man achieve his maximum erection (you must have noticed that erections fluctuate from time to time, with consequent effects on erect penis size).

But please try not to get too carried away with penis size. As they say, it's how the penis is used which really counts. I wonder if your real concern is trying to impress other weight lifters rather than satisfying women.

And since you acknowledge the problem is really the size of your penis relative to your expanding body, you obviously have an alternative course of action — letting your body shrink to more normal dimensions. That will no doubt happen at some stage when you decide to give up the sport of power lifting. In the meantime just keep reminding yourself that it's a trade-off, and enjoy your big muscles even if they do put your penis to shame.

Which of the French masters has most influenced Pro Hart?

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I am a 23-year-old man who works in a female dominated area. Most of my friends think that because of this I can get a fair amount of females. Unfortunately this is not so. I am not the best looking guy around, although I'm not a Frankenstein. I have trouble with women, I get tongue-tied and either don't know what to say or rattle on about nothing. I'm not a drinker or a smoker but I still enjoy myself socially. Most of my friends get whoever they want, but I don't like asking out any of my colleagues in case they decline or I bore them and it then gets around work.

I originally come from Tasmania where I had the same problem, which did not improve upon moving to Victoria. I'm not saying I can't get a girl but it seems it's a long time between girls, which I don't enjoy.

When I go out I find it hard to pick up girls in pubs because of the noise; you can't hear a word. From what I've been told, maybe I suffer from a severe case of decency. If this is so, then I would like to change, not to the extent that I have no respect for females, but to become an achiever rather than a loser.

— P.B., Vic.

I am going to be rather tough on you. If your friends accuse you of having a "severe case of decency", it may be that you are interested in girls for some other reason than knocking them off. I hope so. But you and your mates must eventually learn that it's patently obvious when a man is, as they say, "really only interested in one thing". The trouble with such men is they are usually not worth going to bed with, let alone having any hope of a reasonable conversation before, during or after. Bed-notching males are usually rotten lovers because the game is all about impressing their mates rather than impressing the women they are with. The men who are worth bedding are usually the men women can enjoy as friends, men they can talk to, men who are interesting as people. With them, sex becomes a natural extension of the pleasure both partners feel in each other's company. So I don't think it's your looks which are letting you down, nor your lack of confidence — it's more likely to be your attitude to women.

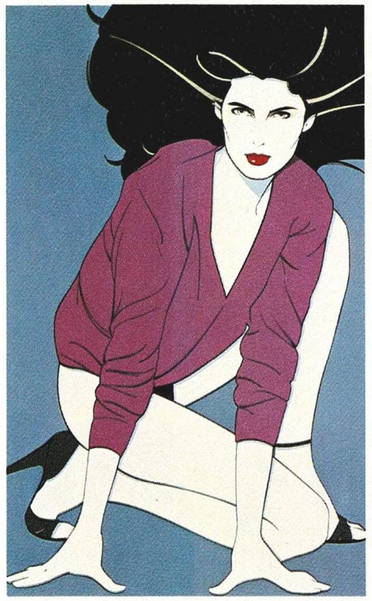
F*or five years I have been living with Steve, a 44-year-old guy. I am 33 and I am always the one who wants to make love. After the first few months of courtship (when Steve used to want to make love twice a day), he is now quite content with once or twice a week but I still feel like making love every day. This is a real problem because I get very tense, depressed and angry with him.*

It seems that there is always something more important to do. Steve considers the day is for working, looking at TV, newspapers, going to the beach but certainly not to make love. He rarely touches me or displays tenderness apart from five minutes before sex, and lovemaking rarely lasts more than a quarter of an hour after which he snores (if it is at night) or jumps out of bed. If I complain at the infrequency or quickness of our lovemaking he gets angry, says I'm demanding or tells me there is something wrong with me. I am really frustrated and all the discussions I have initiated about sex seem to have no lasting effect.

— S.W., Tas.

Your problem is all too common. There is considerable variation between people in their sexual needs and it isn't easy finding someone who has a compatible level of libido. We all experience ups and downs and unfortunately many women start to hit their sexual peaks later in life at a time when the male may be experiencing pressures which are depressing his libido. Without knowing more about Steve's previous relationships, it is hard to know whether he always finds he has difficulty maintaining sexual enthusiasm in long-term relationships or whether there may be specific aspects of your relationship causing him to lose interest.

It may also be that he's threatened by



your continuing enthusiasm and is frightened that he will not be able to keep up with you. The male who accuses a woman of being too demanding is often experiencing a crisis in terms of his own sexual confidence. His reaction to his feelings of vulnerability is to blame the woman. It certainly sounds as if Steve has difficulty expressing his feelings and needs help in learning to communicate what is causing him to shut off sexually.

It may be that he simply has a lower libido than you and you will need to compromise in terms of the actual frequency of intercourse you both prefer. But more important are the displays of intimacy and tenderness which are missing from your relationship. Steve needs to be taught how important these things are in maintaining a good relationship, particularly in the long term. A counsellor will be able to help the two of you discuss these issues more openly and I hope you will be able to persuade him to accompany you for counselling.

W*hen I'm with a special female and we make love, my foreplay and even actual sex don't last too long. I just can't seem to be able to slow things down. I'm not too experienced in this matter. The last time I was with a female it was a total loss on my behalf because I think I didn't give her enough enjoyment and I am quite worried about it.*

I also find that most females go for large penises which mine isn't and I'm worried about it. I would like to be able to control myself as one female called me a one-stroke wonder and I'd like to get this rectified. If you could help me in any way I would be very grateful.

— N.A., Qld.

There are some wonderful rejoinders to that cruel "one-stroke wonder" remark, but at the time understandably you were just too devastated to do anything but slink away. But as for the rest of the guys who find women tease them when they do come quickly, simply point out that it's pretty hard to control yourself when presented with such irresistible attraction and challenge her to use her powers to rev you up a second time so you can then approach matters more calmly.

You'll have to master your fear of being a "total loss". Your ladies don't seem to be doing much to help. It is up to your partners to show you what they need, rather than leaving you floundering around wondering if you are doing the right thing. Try to find a relationship where you can start to talk honestly about what you both enjoy, where your lady can help you learn to slow down (it takes practice and a relaxed, loving relationship to learn to do this), and where you can stop stewing over things which don't matter. Sure, some women go for large penises — some men go for large boobs, but most women prefer warm hearts and loving hands and I leave those types fixated on bits of anatomy to indulge their fantasies elsewhere.

M*y wife and I are both 22. Last summer we were invited by some friends to a nearby nude beach. We declined, saying we were too shy for anything like that. It was, in fact, my shyness, not ours, and I have a reason for it.*

The reason I had, which was too embarrassing to tell our friends, is my inability to control erections. My thoughts can be far removed from sex when an erection happens unexpectedly. It usually lasts a couple of minutes, and if I see or hear something that does impress me sexually, there is no way to avoid it.

I rarely go to any beach (much less a nude one) or even to a mixed sauna in case I'm mortified by a sudden bulge in my costume or

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DIAMOND JIM McCLELLAND OUR MOST OUTSPOKEN POLITICAL FIGURE, TELLS WHAT'S WRONG WITH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT.

THE VCR DATE: WHY THE BEST NIGHT OUT IS A NIGHT IN.

OUR BALLINA BEAUTY IS BACK! MISS SEPTEMBER 1985, SHANNON LONG, RETURNS IN A SENSATIONAL PICTORIAL.

SIGOURNEY WEAVER: HEAD TO HEAD WITH THE GIRL WHO FOUGHT THE ALIEN AND WON.

KISSING: HOW AUSSIE WOMEN RATE.

under a towel. Wearing tight pants is out of the question, and using the club pool, shower or locker room can be a hassle. That's not because other naked men turn me on; everything is fine until someone starts talking about his latest sexual adventure and suddenly there I am with an erection. When it happens the first time, it's funny and everybody laughs about it; if it happens more often, the guys start to wonder.

The nude beach incident made me realise how much I've gradually been changing my activities to accommodate my problem rather than trying to eliminate it. Is there any known cause for such a condition, and is there a remedy? I have noticed that when I take medicine for my sinus condition full erections are not possible for several hours, but unfortunately this also causes drowsiness. Will anything else work, without side effects? I've read that erections are a semi-voluntary response; can an avoidance technique be learned? Trying to concentrate on other things doesn't seem to help.

— M.C., NT.

Yes, it is an embarrassing problem but, rest assured, you certainly aren't the only guy suffering from it. In fact, whenever you are in a locker room situation going through agonies over unwanted erections, there is probably someone else in the room feeling equally embarrassed. You are just too concerned with your own response to notice it happens to others as well.

At your age, it is natural that your system is firing on all engines. Sex is still a relatively new experience for you and it doesn't take much mental stimulation to set your arousal cycle into motion. A few years down the track you'll find that situations which arouse you now won't do much for you at all. See if you can find an older guy to talk to and he'll no doubt tell you he suffered the same problem at your age but gradually found the erotic effect of the situations you describe wore off. Men tend to need more and more physical, rather than mental, stimulation as they get older.

The decrease in the quality of erection you noted while taking sinus medicine is due to the antihistamines in those preparations. It certainly is *not* a good idea to use such preparations in an attempt to control erections. Most such medications have side effects, such as drowsiness, which may seriously affect other aspects of your functioning, particularly if taken in excessive doses. No doctor will be willing to prescribe drugs to dampen a natural sexual response, however embarrassing it may be. It is important you take care of your delicate sexual system so that it continues to function well throughout your life. Tinkering with it now could place your sexual future at risk.

THE AIDS INK BLOT

AIDS. The disease is like an ink blot, a Rorschach test revealing so much about our attitudes, our feelings about sexuality, homosexuality and morality. It has brought out the worst in our society, revealing poisonous prejudices against homosexuals, with anti-gay crusaders rubbing their hands with glee at the punishment the sinners are now receiving for their affront on masculinity. Amid the hysteria and distortion, good things have happened: governments (particularly the Victorian State Government) willing to take the risk of publicly supporting gay groups, some responsible media reports designed to enlighten rather than muck-rake, the dedication, energy, and responsibility shown by homosexuals and heterosexuals alike, in attempting to deal rationally with the issues and helping the victims.

But while there are heterosexuals and homosexuals who both help and hinder, it is a group which straddles both societies which places us all at risk — bisexual males. The gay community has always been aware that gay bars and meeting places attract not only homosexuals but bisexuals (often married men who see the gay world as a source of readily available free sex). Many of these men would not define themselves as homosexual and often feel very little real attraction toward their own sex. It is the accessibility of hassle-free sex which attracts them (or used to attract them) to gay meeting places. These "bisexual" males are often loath to admit to their illicit encounters in the homosexual world and deny, even to themselves, that such adventures took place.

Now that AIDS has entered the scene, such men pose a very real threat. They are inaccessible to the attempts at education/counselling within the homosexual community; they do not see themselves as gay and hence do not read gay literature, safe-sex pamphlets etc. Many now live in fear of having contracted the AIDS virus but as apparent heterosexual males are extremely reluctant to subject themselves to tests and risk exposing their hidden lives.

For the woman married to or living with such a man, AIDS is now forcing her to come to terms with suspicions she may have had about her husband's dual sexuality. Although some women are totally unaware of their husband's bisexuality, there are many others who in the past simply chose not to know. A support group is now being established to help such women deal with the effects of AIDS on their relationships and lives. The group is being established through the Sydney STD Centre (02 223 1771) which has had to provide support and counselling for many female partners of homosexual and bisexual males since the AIDS issue surfaced.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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